

" D U N E "

Screenplay By

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MONTAGE - A DREAM

An inferno of HEAT.

Twisted, jagged formations of BLACK ROCK.

Wave upon wave of DUNES flowing across an endless expanse of desert.

Spirals of WHITE DUST reaching into a desolate sky.

VAPORS forming and dissolving into APOCALYPTIC ARMIES burning and pillaging their way across a Universe.

ANGLE

A HAWK circling over the patch; fierce, predatory eyes of TOTAL BLUE.

ANGLE

Long-beaked BIRDS shrieking and diving among a horde of INSECTS rising from the SAND.

A WRENCHING SOUND emerges from beneath the SAND; an immense shifting of weight; a great YAWNING MOAN beneath the visible world.

The SOUND grows louder.

The BIRDS and INSECTS become a whirling hysteria of motion.

The SAND has become an even deeper BLUE as the desert erupts and a HUGE BLACKNESS fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

PAUL ATREIDES, son and heir of DUKE LETO, sleeps in his room deep within the Castle Caladan. Not fully seven years of age, he tosses and moans under the burden of the DREAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wakens, staring vacantly across the room where heavy RAIN beats against a latticed window.

He is an angelic, strikingly beautiful child, with long blond hair framing a thin, sensitive face, light blue eyes that shine forth with an almost savage innocence.

Half asleep, he crosses to the window.

ANGLE

Outside, a FLYING MACHINE rises through layers of mist covering a verdant valley; trees and hills now dark with moisture and rain.

ANGLE

Behind him, the LADY JESSICA enters, standing just inside the door. Tall, imperial beneath a dark cloak, she stares at her son with deep, penetrating eyes.

Without turning, PAUL feels the presence of his MOTHER.

PAUL

What is it, Mother?

JESSICA

You must see the Reverend Mother. She has come all the way from off-planet to see you.

PAUL turns. He looks solemnly at his MOTHER.

JESSICA'S cloak has fallen open, revealing long raven hair falling loosely to her shoulders, a full, sensual figure beneath a severe brown robe. She is a vital, charismatic woman at the height of her powers and yet mysteriously, elusively contained, almost otherworldly in her precise gestures, the firm control of her voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Does she make you afraid?

JESSICA is startled that he recognizes her nervousness.

JESSICA

A little. She used to be my teacher.

PAUL

You don't have to worry, Mother.
I am very brave.

JESSICA

I'm sure you are. Now you must hurry and put on your robe. The Reverend Mother doesn't like to be kept waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

PAUL and JESSICA walk silently through the huge corridors of the Castle.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

They stand before a door at the end of a long corridor. JESSICA straightens PAUL'S robe, smooths back his unruly hair; motherly gestures that fail to hide her anxiety.

PAUL

I don't like the Reverend Mother for frightening you.

She bends down to kiss him.

JESSICA

You need not like her, Paul.
Just remember who you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
Of course, Mother.

She opens the door for him, shutting it behind him after he enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

PAUL stands at the entrance to a reception room: A GREAT HALL lined with stiff-backed chairs and paintings of his ancestors.

There is no sound except the RAIN.

He walks toward a desk at the far end of the Hall, lit by a simple GLOW LAMP and the flickering flames from a fireplace.

As he approaches, a FIGURE becomes visible behind the desk. He hesitates, then forces himself to walk forward.

An ANCIENT WITHERED WOMAN peers at him with luminous eyes from beneath a black hood: THE REVEREND MOTHER. She sits without moving, a great reservoir of silence and power seeming to fill the space around her.

In front of her is a BLACK BOX.

PAUL stops in front of the desk, bowing formally.

The REVEREND MOTHER studies him: A long, piercing moment. Only her eyes seem alive, visible rays of light penetrating into his very essence.

REVEREND MOTHER
Do you know who I am, Child?

PAUL
You were my mother's teacher.

REVEREND MOTHER
I am also the Emperor's Truth
Sayer. Do you know what a
"Truth Sayer" does?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

One who finds out what is
true and what isn't.

REVEREND MOTHER

Exactly.

PAUL

My father knows everything
there is to know about truth.
He has taught me himself.

The REVEREND MOTHER looks at the small boy standing before her with such regal assurance. For a moment, a melancholy smile turns the corners of her mouth. She lets a thin, claw-like hand rest gently on his shoulder.

REVEREND MOTHER

Come closer... It is good that
you honor your father... Paul.
(the smile fades)
But, now you must forget him.

PAUL

I will never do that.

REVEREND MOTHER

You will for this one moment.
I ask for all your attention...

She stares at him. He meets her gaze but is unable to speak.

REVEREND MOTHER

Now, Paul... I want you to put
your hand inside the box.

PAUL

Why?

PAUL looks doubtful.

REVEREND MOTHER

It is a test... Do you know what
death is, Paul?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

It is when you are no more.
Like my grandfather.

REVEREND MOTHER

When your hand is in the box, you
will want to be no more.

PAUL

Then I will not place my hand
in the box.

REVEREND MOTHER

You must, Paul. It is the only way
to test your inner self.

PAUL

Does my mother know of this?

REVEREND MOTHER

Yes, Child. Your mother has done
this very thing herself...

PAUL

And when I feel pain... what if
I take away my hand?...

REVEREND MOTHER

Then you will have failed.

PAUL is silent knowing that he must go through the test.

REVEREND MOTHER

Now, Paul... Put your hand inside.

He hesitates, staring at the REVEREND MOTHER.

The REVEREND MOTHER utters a command with the Mystical
Voice that allows no disobedience.

REVEREND MOTHER

Do as I say!

PAUL puts his hand into the BOX.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE

JESSICA sits with her face against an intricately patterned grillwork. On the other side she can see PAUL and the REVEREND MOTHER.

The REVEREND MOTHER'S hand still rests on his shoulder, a thin, metal needle nearly touching his neck.

In a low voice, JESSICA mouths the Litany of Fear.

JESSICA

I must not fear. Fear is the
mind-killer. Fear is the little
death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear.

ANGLE

PAUL is silent, sweat standing out on his forehead. Oblivious to the needle so close to his neck, he meditates on the Litany with her, oblivious of JESSICA'S presence.

PAUL

(intercut with JESSICA)

I will permit my fear to pass
over me and through me. And,
when it has gone past, I will turn
the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there
will be nothing. Only I will
remain... Only I will remain...
Only I will remain...

ANGLE

The REVEREND MOTHER watches PAUL intently, showing no emotion, the PIN held against his neck.

PAUL has turned himself inward, his hand remaining inside the BOX.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A VISUAL SEQUENCE follows, expressing the profound pain and fear piercing through PAUL'S body and mind... His flesh separating from his hand... To the bone... The Blackened Claw... The Terror...

The pain abruptly ceases.

REVEREND MOTHER
You may remove your hand, Paul.

He stares at his tormentor, enraged, afraid and yet reluctant to move.

But, he can only follow her command.

Gently, slowly, he removes his hand. He is amazed that it is unmarked, only the tingling of returning circulation is a reminder of his experience.

The REVEREND MOTHER lets her hand fall away from his shoulder.

PAUL
(angrily)
Old Woman, I don't like your game. It only creates fear.

REVEREND MOTHER
Then why did you not remove your hand from the Box, Child?

PAUL
Because I would have failed.
In my own eyes.

REVEREND MOTHER
No, Child. You would have failed in mine and I would have killed you with this... the Gom Jabber.

She shows him the needle, then places it inside her robe. She smiles gently at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

REVEREND MOTHER
You may return to your room,
Paul.

He turns and leaves the room.

ANGLE

JESSICA appears from behind a screen.

REVEREND MOTHER
(to JESSICA)
I see you have been training him.

JESSICA
Yes.

REVEREND MOTHER
He did well... Perhaps he is the
One who will Shorten the Way.
We shall see in time. There
must be more tests...

JESSICA
What would you have me do?

REVEREND MOTHER
You must continue his training,
for whoever he may prove to be,
his life will not be an easy one.

JESSICA
I will do my best.

REVEREND MOTHER
(harshly)
You must do more than that.
Your commitment must be total.
You must never forget who you
are. If your son proves to be
the One, you must sacrifice
everything, even your own life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JESSICA
Yes, Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER
(gently)
I know you suffer, but each of
us must make her own path.

JESSICA stares at her for a long moment. Placing her hands
together across her chest, she bows, saying by rote:

JESSICA
I am Bene Gesserit. I exist only
to serve.

Turning, she leaves the room.

The REVEREND MOTHER stares after her, not unkindly.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Angrily, PAUL runs through the corridors of the Castle. Instead
of returning to his room, he follows a narrow passage leading to
a long flight of circular stairs that disappear up a tall, stone
turret.

At the foot of the stairs he passes a GUARD, who snaps to attention
at the sight of the DUKE'S SON.

PAUL stops in front of the GUARD.

PAUL
Hand me your sword.

The GUARD hesitates.

PAUL practices using 'The Voice':

PAUL
I said, "Hand me your sword."
It is forbidden to disobey me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reluctantly, the GUARD obeys.

PAUL is secretly amused.

He walks on, carrying the sword.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

He stops before a heavy wooden door. Pushing it open, he glances inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

He crosses the dark room towards a bed at the far wall where a figure sleeps: DUNCAN, breathing heavily through his mouth. A large lump of a man with a thick scar across his forehead.

PAUL raises the sword, preparing to strike!

Suddenly, the bed erupts as DUNCAN leaps up, stark naked, yelling and throwing a blanket at PAUL while reaching under his pillow for a short sword.

He is about to split PAUL in two when he stops, recognizing his assailant.

DUNCAN is shaken, unable to move, staring at PAUL with wide eyes.

DUNCAN
God, Child. I almost killed
you.

PAUL
You said a true warrior never
sleeps. I wanted to test you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUNCAN reaches for his pants.

DUNCAN
(angrily)
Did I pass the test?

PAUL
I would have killed you if you
hadn't.

DUNCAN stares at PAUL.

DUNCAN
So you would.

PAUL is totally serious.

PAUL
Will I be a great warrior?

DUNCAN
I have pledged myself to your
father towards that end.

PAUL
I want to start now. In the
Armory.

DUNCAN
Now? It is very early. You
should be in bed. You will have
to get your sleep if you want to
be a Swordsman.

PAUL
I want to begin now.

DUNCAN
(reaching for
his shirt)
Very well, then. But, I will
make you pay dearly for that
request.

They leave the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - ARMORY - NIGHT

They stand in the middle of the Armory; an immense room with an earthen floor lined with weapons, shields, pellet stunners, etc.

DUNCAN selects a carefully shaped wooden staff. Handing it to PAUL he takes another one for himself.

PAUL
I would like a sword.

DUNCAN
It will be a long time before
you hold a sword. You have
to earn that privilege.

He suddenly grabs the stick from PAUL and raps him hard on the shins.

A BRUISE appears immediately.

DUNCAN
Be alert. Always. Every time
I take your stick away it will
cost you five laps. And, from
now on, you will carry your
stick with you everywhere, even
to bed. Understand?

PAUL
(subdued)
Yes.

DUNCAN
Good.

He hands PAUL back the stick. As soon as PAUL grasps it, DUNCAN twists it out of his hands, giving him an even harder whack on the shins.

DUNCAN
That will be ten laps. Move!

PAUL starts to run around the training room, carrying his stick.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

What follows is a SERIES of close-reverse shots on PAUL and DUNCAN, cutting back and forth; a continuing action as PAUL'S training progresses over a period of fourteen years, ending with him a YOUNG MAN, handsome, charismatic, regal. DUNCAN, although broader with white hair and beard, is still a master Swordsman.

ANGLE

They two swords clash at the end of the sequence.

With a quick feint, then a long thrust, PAUL plunges the sword forward, stopping just in front of DUNCAN'S neck.

They stare at each other, PAUL finally lowering his sword.

DUNCAN

There is nothing more I can teach you.

PAUL

You will always be my teacher.

DUNCAN

It is a teacher's duty to have his pupil someday surpass him.

PAUL, overcome, looks away.

DUNCAN

(smiling)

But, don't think you can relax. This is just one level you have reached. There are other, more perilous, methods to master. But, not now. Now we are going to get properly drunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALADAN - DAY

Long elegant fingers reach across a three-dimensional game board, moving a chess-like figure.

DR. YUEH (Voice over)
With this seemingly slight move,
Hawat, I would say to you that
whoever owns you, you must own
him and whoever you own, he must
own you.

They sit on cushions underneath a curving pagoda-like roof.
DR. YUEH: an emaciated figure in wrinkled black clothing,
a square block of a head with purple lips and drooping
mustache, a diamond tattoo on his forehead, long black hair
caught in a silver ring at the left shoulder. The MENTAT,
THUFIR HAWAT: an old weathered face, rheumy eyes, the
uniform of a high official.

Outside, a slight RAIN falls over a rock garden where an
ANCIENT GARDENER rakes white pebbles into subtle patterns.
Beyond the garden, a bridge stretches over a lotus pond.

HAWAT
(moving a piece)
It might seem that I am slow, but
it is on defense that I use my speed
to full advantage.

A figure across the bridge draws their full attention: the
LADY JESSICA, a cloak covering her figure. THREE YOUNG
WOMEN run up to her, prostrating themselves before her.
They wear simple tunics, their hair tied severely behind them.

DR. YUEH
Have you noticed how our Lady
has become popular with a certain
class of young woman? They see
the Bene Gesserit as a romantic
alternative to the boredom of
courtly life.

HAWAT
She would never recruit students,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWAT (Cont'd)
at least not on the surface. It
would seem too political a move.
The school is officially outlawed
and besides, she is devoted to the
Duke.

DR. YUEH
I wonder if the Bene Gesserit
give themselves totally to any man?

HAWAT
You seriously question Jessica?

DR. YUEH
Everyone knows she is beyond
suspicion but perhaps her lineage
makes her vulnerable. We know
there are agents among us.

HAWAT
Perhaps I should have her watched,
for her own protection as well.

DR. YUEH
Perhaps you should...

HAWAT moves a piece.

HAWAT
If you will notice, I think you
are caught in an insoluble
double-bind, my friend.

YUEH studies the board, a gentle acceptance of the truth showing
itself in his smile.

Suddenly there is a STILLNESS, a darkening of the sky.

YUEH looks across the garden at:

ANGLE

The GARDENER who has stopped his raking and is looking up at
the Sky. His ancient face is stricken, full of awe and fear.
The rake drops from his hand.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE

JESSICA having crossed the bridge, has stopped as well, and is staring at the GARDENER who is now kneeling, head bowed, the rain plastering his thin tunic to his body.

He removes his peaked, conical hat, staring up at the Sky as the rain increases in intensity.

GARDENER
(to himself)
He is dead. Our Lord and Master,
the Emperor of the Universe, is
dead.

ANGLE

The TWO OLD MEN look at each other.

DR. YUEH
Now we face a new game, old
friend, with new players.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CALADAN - EVENING

A misty dusk.

DUKE LETO stands on a platform chiseled into the massive head of a Serpentine Gargoyle, spewing a cataract into the valley two thousand feet beneath him.

The DUKE'S thin, aristocratic face is lined with fatigue. He wears a black working uniform with red armorial HAWK CREST at the breast. A silver shield belt girds his waist.

PAUL stands beside him.

PAUL
Without a successor there will
be chaos, Father.

The DUKE turns towards him. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

We must leave for the Court
and heed his last instructions.
All the Great Houses will be
there. They will follow his
wishes as long as it suits them.
Then they will manoeuvre openly
for power. The weak will become
weaker and the strong become
stronger. We will be tested as
never before. But, we must
welcome that battle for without
it we would become just another
provincial house, living on past
glories.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO EMPEROR'S INNER KINGDOM - DAY

DUKE LETO, JESSICA and PAUL stand on the edge of a huge slab
of rock as it slowly descends the sheer face of a copper-colored
mountain. Swirling mists of orange cloud surround them and their
immediate retinue: DR. YUEH, HAWAT and DUNCAN, all wearing
somber mourning clothes with the ATREIDES CREST at their
breasts.

As they pass through the Clouds, the Inner Realm of the Empire
becomes visible beneath them - a circle of Snow Peaks surrounding
a Mandala, or Mystic Circle, which in turn surrounds three sets
of square walls set within each other - at the center, a shimmering
haze of Golden Light.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINGDOM - DAY

They walk through the Inner Gate, an awesome entrance supported
by totem-like pillars hundreds of feet high. Between the Pillars a
powdery luminescence separates all but the members of the Twenty-Four
Great Houses of the Imperium from the Final Sanctuary. The remain-
ing Mourners, unable to pass through these selective vibrations,
prostrate themselves on the ground in a mass demonstration of grief.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINGDOM - EMPEROR'S BIER

They make their way to their allotted place, marked by flags and pennants, set within ancient stone artifacts. Around them stand the other Houses, stern yet humble, facing the Majestic Bier set on the crown of a green, rolling hill. In contrast to the awesome symmetry of the Approach to the Inner Realm, the final resting place of the Holy Presence is startling in its simplicity.

Directly above the Emperor's Bier, clusters of brightly-colored 'energies' oscillate into esoteric patterns, waiting to conduct the Holy Soul to its last Voyage.

And, above them all, a cloudless sky thick with stars and planets.

Reed-like instruments announce a late arrival.

ANGLE

PAUL watches his FATHER stiffen, glance across the circle of Nobles. He follows his father's gaze, staring at:

The BARON HARKONNEN - a gross and immensely fat figure with subtle bulges beneath the folds of his black robes revealing portable suspensors, harnessed to his flesh. His is a portrait of Evil, of ruthless power and greed, as he slowly pivots his immense head, his unblinking eyes studying the assembled Court.

Next to him stands the infamous Mentat: PITER, thin, effeminate, lethal in his cold detachment; and the BARON'S nephew, FEYD-RAUTHA, arrogant, impeccably attired with the small, cold eyes of an assassin.

All dressed in Black Harkonnen colors.

ANGLE

HAWAT whispers to DR. YUEH who is visibly shaken.

HAWAT

It is unthinkable that he would attend. He has been banned from the Imperial Court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. YUEH
Today marks the end of the
Imperial Court.

PAUL pulls gently at JESSICA'S sleeve, standing to one side of
the DUKE.

PAUL
(gesturing to the
BARON)
Is that Harkonnen, Mother?

JESSICA
It is. Mark him well, Paul.
The Baron Harkonnen. He is
a direct threat to the established
order of the Universe. He has
already announced his intention to
rule.

PAUL
I have met him in my dreams.

The HEADS of the Great Houses slowly pass in front of the Bier,
bowing their heads and placing an offering on the ground, then
moving on.

Their CONSORTS, AIDES and other family members, including
PAUL and JESSICA, wait in a circle around the base of the hill.

ANGLE

The BARON, supported by his suspensors, glides slowly along
in the middle of the line.

ANGLE

The DUKE bowing in front of the Bier, placing an Offering on the
ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A MEDIUM sits to one side - an OLD WOMAN in a grey smock, her eye sockets hollowed out.

The EMPEROR'S VOICE echoes through her, flat and neutral in the translucent ether.

MEDIUM
Duke Leto Atreides... Come
closer...

SIX PRIESTS draw a silver, diaphanous Curtain around the Bier, offering a private Audience.

ANGLE

ONE PRIEST, holding the edge of the Curtain, looks directly at the BARON who gives him an imperceptible nod.

The DUKE prostrates himself, touching the Bier with his fingers.

He kneels, eyes to the floor.

Behind him, the PRIESTS, within earshot, hold up the Curtain.

MEDIUM
Duke Leto... Come closer...
I am fading...

The DUKE presses his ear to the MEDIUM'S thin lips.

Above him the lusters of 'energies' or 'spirits' have grown even more intense as if forming a Vortex to summon up the Soul of the Emperor.

MEDIUM
(with the Emperor's
Voice)
I leave the Universe in a terrible
mess... Even now, evil forces

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEDIUM (Cont'd)
seek control... There will be
anarchy... terror... death and
destruction... This I promise
you... Duke Let , with this in
mind I have deeded to you the
Planet Dune. If you can control
this Planet you might be a positive
force in the Universe, if not, you
will hasten the gathering darkness...
I knew your father and his father and
his father before him... Stubborn,
proud men. I hope you honor me
as well as they...

The VOICE fades.

DUKE LETO bows.

Rising, he backs away from the Bier.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIER - NIGHT

The assembled NOBILITY, wearing black ceremonial hoods, kneel
at the foot of the hill.

The EMPEROR'S BIER glows before them.

PRIESTS intone a prayer to the dead.

ANGLE

Around the BIER, a sudden flash of White Light, followed by Blue
Smoke. Sparks or tiny lights appear within the smoke, rising
into the sky, like sputtering butter lamps about to go out. Then
the light joins, forming a clear vacuity filled with Red Light.

A Red Pillar slowly ascends into the Sky as the body of the
EMPEROR disappears into the Void.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

The DUKE kneeling with the rest of his RETINUE.

FEYD-RAUTHA approaches, kneels next to the DUKE.

He glances at PAUL, an arrogant, patronizing smile on his lips. They are the same age but totally opposite each other in manner and appearance.

FEYD-RAUTHA
Lord Baron Harkonnen invites
Duke Leto Atreides to meet
with him after this evening's
services.

The DUKE nods to HAWAT.

HAWAT
Duke Leto accepts.

FEYD-RAUTHA leaves.

DR. YUEH
He will make an offer for Dune.

DUNCAN
We should have nothing to do
with him.

DUKE
I will go. It is always worth a
visit to your enemy if he exposes
something of his true intentions.

CUT TO:

INT. BARON'S GUEST QUARTERS

The DUKE enters the BARON'S Guest Quarters, an anonymous reception room, followed by DR. YUEH.

The BARON sits in a Veriform Suspensor Chair, a low table and chair in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PITER holds the chair for the DUKE, as the BARON makes a gesture to rise.

The two old adversaries sit opposite each other, their ADVISORS standing off to the side.

BARON

I trust you are well, dear
Cousin.

DUKE

Well enough, considering the
circumstances.

BARON

The Imperium has truly lost a
great servant. Let us hope the
Committee of Seven rules as well.

The BARON'S voice leaves the impression of a strange, even
awesome intelligence, corrupted by compulsive greed and an
endless attachment to power.

The BARON nods to PITER, who pours liquid into two glasses.
He hands one glass to the BARON, the other to the DUKE.

DR. YUEH reaches for the DUKE'S glass, but the DUKE shakes
his head.

BARON

(laughing)

Quite correct, Cousin. We are
on sacred ground, after all.

The BARON raises his glass.

BARON

Allow me to offer my congratu-
lations. It is my understanding
that the Emperor in his great
wisdom has willed you the Planet
Dune.

He drinks. The DUKE drinks as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARON

Let me also express my sympathies at the awesome task you have inherited. Dune is a cruel and barbaric place, not suitable for any form of civilized life. I have been there. From arrival to departure the impression once receives is but a long cry of pain.

DUKE

Out of respect for the lateness of the hour and the state of mourning we all share, perhaps you would come to the point, Cousin?

BARON

The point? Ah, yes. The point. I had forgotten how impatient you are with subtleties. The point, of course, is Spice. Mining and exporting Spice from such an environment would be like licking honey off a razor blade. Dangerous and time consuming on any large scale. You lack men and resources. I have both. You will have no protection from piracy or invasion from a renegade house. At some point, you will have to accept an ally, and if you wait too long you will have to give too much away. I offer you an equal partnership. Enormous profits should dispel whatever aversion you feel towards the Harkonnen House. Do not refuse, Cousin. You will not be successful if you attempt to exploit Dune by yourself.

DUKE

It is not my intention to exploit Dune. It is my intention to rule it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BARON

To rule is to exploit, Cousin.
Or, has your House fallen
into such disrepair that you
have forgotten that axiom?

DUKE

My House will do what is best for
the Imperium, which in no way
includes an arrangement with you.

BARON

As always, you are naive. You
think of yourself as a hero... a
defender of the people, the great-
est good for the greatest number...
first, there is power. Second, there
are laws. What comes first decides
what comes second.

The DUKE rises.

BARON

(to DR. YUEH)

Understand the position well
before you leave. Who controls
Dune controls the Spice, and who
controls the Spice controls the
Universe. Without me, your
Duke controls nothing.

DR. YUEH

My Duke understands the position
and, for the moment, let us say,
he rejects it.

DR. YUEH follows the DUKE out of the room.

The BARON raises his glass, toasting the departing DUKE.

DUKE

As always, he is true to form.
But, we will meet again, I think,
and not on sacred ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALADAN

The DUKE and his FAMILY and RETINUE, followed by three full companies of soldiers, walk slowly down a road in a heavy mist - the Atreides Frigate looming in front of them.

ANGLE

The WOMEN, CHILDREN and OLD MEN of Caladan line the road, staring at the departing soldiers.

It is a momentous occasion - sad, awesome, even tragic as many will in all probability never see their husbands, fathers, or sons again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEIGHLINER - RAIN

The Atreides Frigate approaches the Heighliner - a Guild transport ship.

A light monsoon RAIN drips off the hull.

The Heighliner is so huge and awesome that the Frigate seems dwarfed as it begins its docking procedures.

CUT TO:

INT. HEIGHLINER

DUKE LETO and JESSICA stand in their quarters on board the Atreides Frigate.

They look through a porthole; a last vision of Caladan surrounded by thick clouds.

The DUKE puts his arm around JESSICA, draws her close.

CUT TO:

INT. HEIGHLINER

DR. YUEH and PAUL walk down a long corridor in the upper reaches of the Heighliner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stop before a Steel Door, watched over by two SECURITY GUARDS.

DR. YUEH shows a stamped disk to one of the GUARDS, who nods and opens the heavily barred door.

CUT TO:

INT. HEIGHLINER CONTROL ROOM

They step into the Control Room of the Heighliner.

Standing on a grilled platform they can see beneath them the extraordinary display of the inner workings of the Heighliner.

All energy, all concentration, is directed towards the NAVIGATOR seated beneath them before a massive light dish of the Heavens.

He is an elongated FIGURE, vaguely humanoid with finned feet and hugely fanned, membraneous hands, floating in a transparent outer container, like a loose, flexible skin; a fish in a strange sea with eyes of Total Blue.

An ELDERLY OFFICIAL in a grey working tunic rushes up to meet them; distracted, benign, somewhat funny.

OFFICIAL

Ah, Yueh... I am so glad you could come... It has been how long? Ninety years, I think... It doesn't seem that long, does it? I still remember that course we took on celestial bio-chemical anthropology. I see you have brought your young student... Yes, yes, you will excuse me young Sir but I am needed for this next transition phase. You see, he prepares...

He points to the NAVIGATOR who is placing a pill in his mouth, rolling his head back, seeming to enter into a coma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL

He takes the Spice. It is his task to guide the ship safely through the future, avoiding all obstacles. To be Oracle as well as Navigator... But, I must go. You will excuse me? Yueh, we must spend time together. We can't let another ninety years go by before bump-into each other... Goodbye then.

He hurries off.

The NAVIGATOR begins to utter languid instructions to ENGINEERS seated at panels next to him who either nod or demand qualification of an instruction. The instrumentation before them seems to be alive, orchestrating its own movements according to the NAVIGATOR'S 'Voice Instructions', expressed in long musical intonations.

One of the Machines in the huge Control Panel begins to quibble and squeak out a response.

The ENGINEERS stop to listen to this esoteric dialogue which gradually comes together into an accord, intoning the same sound rhythms.

PAUL

(looking at the
NAVIGATOR)

Is it the Spice that gives him
his power?

DR. YUEH

It is his total commitment and his special fate that makes him use the Spice towards that end. He is bred for that awareness. Look at what a mutant he is... how utterly alone.

PAUL

Is the price worth paying?

DR. YUEH

Not for most men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Have you ever taken it?

DR. YUEH

Once. I will never attempt it
again. I saw too much too
soon.

He looks away. PAUL stares at the NAVIGATOR.

CUT TO:

INT. HEIGHLINER - BEDROOM

JESSICA, half dressed, sits before a mirror in the bedroom of
the Heighliner. Her forefinger traces an age line underneath
her eye.

JESSICA

(half to herself)

I'm getting old.

The DUKE, dressed in uniform, stares out the porthole at the
approaching shape of DUNE; brown, cloudless, huge.

DUKE

Paul said something strange
this morning. He said he was
having memories of a past
life.

She looks at him through the mirror.

JESSICA

Does that worry you, that he
should talk like that?

DUKE

I don't know... I find it curious.
He has become more introspective
lately. Perhaps I worry how he
will do on Dune.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

I shouldn't worry about that.
The troops respect him, even
revere him. No one has more
skillful means.

DUKE

And yet he is impenetrable.
At least to me... he is like
you in some ways.

JESSICA

You mean the part of me that
you always say is Bene Gesserit?

DUKE

Yes... I suppose so.

JESSICA

(smiling)

It is ironic. The gossips at the
Imperial Court are suspicious of
me for being a Bene Gesserit and
the Bene Gesserit are suspicious
of me for not giving them a
female. For centuries they had
prepared the genetic line. And
then I betrayed them.

DUKE

Do you regret it?

JESSICA

(softly)

I will never regret giving you a
son... as I will never regret
your love.

He takes her hand.

DUKE

But you wish a daughter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSICA

Yes.

DUKE

For you or your school?

JESSICA

Perhaps for both.

He lifts her thick hair and kisses her.

DUKE

We must wait until Dune is secure. I cannot risk having you pregnant and vulnerable right now.

She reaches up and touches his cheek.

JESSICA

But you must tell me when so that I can prepare. It takes time to create the right conditions. It can only happen once.

DUKE

I will tell you.

JESSICA

(letting her hand stroke his cheek, his lips.

Smiling)

Thank you...

DUKE

Is there anything about the Bene Gesserit that you haven't told me that I should know?

She hesitates. It is a loaded question. She has become deliberately coy. A courtesan. He likes that, knowing that she will seduce him.

JESSICA

The Bene Gesserit is my school and I am conditioned by it. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSICA (Cont'd)
are my Duke and the father
of my son. I have never felt
any contradictions. I hope I
never shall...

She smiles, hesitates, then meets his look.

JESSICA
I am also your lover.

DUKE
(reaching for her)
Yes, you are.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNE - LANDING FIELD - NIGHT

JESSICA stands next to an exhausted DR. YUEH sitting on a trunk
in the middle of a bleak chamber.

Outside, a raging, shrieking Sandstorm howls and batters its way
across a Landing Field, making sharp, hissing sounds against
the thick glass.

The Field is lit by giant arc lights which glow through the storm.
A small mountain of supplies are piled up in one corner of the
Chamber next to the Space Shuttle that delivered them from the
Heighliner. WOMEN and CHILDREN stand in a separate group
while MEN with full field packs and heavy bags run to join their
platoons.

ANGLE

The DUKE and PAUL walk across the room, flanked by several
AIDES.

An anxious CHIEF OF POLICE half walks, half runs alongside
the DUKE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF OF POLICE

You must understand, my Lord.
We didn't expect you for three
days.

DUKE

That was my intention.

CHIEF OF POLICE

But there is no Honour Guard, no
security, no proper way to show
our respect.

DUKE

In the future you will show your
respect by being prepared for
anything at any time.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT CAR - NIGHT

The DUKE and JESSICA, PAUL, DUNCAN, DR. YUEH and HAWAT
ride in a transport car across the desert, the storm pelting the
windows with sand. Swaying cars on either side of them hold
squads of ARMED GUARDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANSPORT CAR - NIGHT

The Storm rages on as the transport cars wind through the deserted
streets of Arrakeen, a frontier town clogged with old vehicles; an
oppressive Casbah with its labyrinth of hovels, shacks and market
places where hooded figures stare at them from the shelter of
doorways and bars.

PAUL watches as a drunken PROSPECTOR is caught by a sudden
gust and is bowled off into the night like a match stick.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The storm stops suddenly, leaving a crystal clear night sky.

They stand silently in front of a forbidding and ominous Castle; a massive pile of stone with barred windows, thick ramparts and guard towers, and a huge iron door.

SERVANTS stand in two rows on either side of a long line of steps, confused and bewildered, some of them half dressed.

They walk up the steps, through the cavernous door.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Bleak and unprepared, they stand in the reception hall, forbidding and cold despite its huge fireplaces which blaze with yellow coals.

Panicked SERVANTS rush about, making up fires, setting out plates of food, carrying off luggage, etc.

The DUKE takes a short sword from DUNCAN'S belt. With one powerful motion he throws it into the forehead of a massive SERPENT'S HEAD above the fireplace.

DUKE

Here I am and here I remain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DEPOT - WEATHER STATION - DAY

A large stone structure stands in the middle of an endless expanse of white flats.... a combination Depot, Weather Station and Settlement.

Cooking fires spiral smoke in undisturbed ribbons into a cobalt sky.

The 'Thowk, Thwok' of an approaching ORNITHOPTER reverberates through the silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FIGURE comes out of the building, shading his eyes against the blinding sun as he looks for the 'THOPTER: LIET KYNES, tall thin, dressed for the desert in loose robe, Stillsuit and low boots. His hood is thrown back, revealing long, sandy hair, a sparse beard... the eyes a fathomless blue within blue. There is a strange power to his presence, as though he comes from royal blood, born to command.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEATHER STATION.

The DUKE, followed by PAUL and DUNCAN, steps out of the 'THOPTER as it lands in front of the waiting KYNES.

KYNES
My Lord.

DUKE
You are the Ecologist, Liet
Kynes.

KYNES bows.

KYNES
We prefer the old title here,
my Lord. "Planetologist".

DUKE
As you wish.
(nodding to PAUL)
My son, Paul.

PAUL
You are Fremmen, are you not,
Sir?

KYNES looks at PAUL sharply.

KYNES
I am accepted in both Seitch and
Village but I am in his Majesty's
service. The arbiter of dispute,
if you will.
(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES (Cont'd)

The man set here to see that
the forms are obeyed.

(a beat)

We must hurry if you wish to
inspect the desert. We have
provided Stillsuits for you to
put on.

DUKE

That won't be necessary. We
carry plenty of water.

KYNES

No man enters the desert without
a Stillsuit.

He walks towards the Station.

CUT TO:

INT. WEATHER STATION

They enter the Station, a cool, cavernous space full of weather
equipment and glass cases housing various desert specimens:
Plant life such as saguaro, dwarf tamarisk, grasses and desert
trees, strange ANIMALS and BIRDS, bins of minerals, etc.
Everything is coated with dust and sand.

ANGLE

Several MEN and WOMEN work on assembling the skeleton of a
rib cage perhaps ten feet long.

A huge jaw with spoke-like teeth lies on the floor before the
skeleton.

A GIRL steps forward, putting down a bone: CHANI, dressed in
the working uniform of the Planetology Department. She is stunningly
beautiful with long, dark hair, Spice blue eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES

My daughter, Chani.

(to CHANI)

Duke Leto, his son Paul and...

(he forgets the
name)

DUNCAN

Duncan... your servant.

(he bows)

KYNES

I thought you might like to see
a rare sight. The skeleton of a
worm. They inhabit the deep
desert.

DUKE

Ah, yes. The worms. We have
heard about them.

DUNCAN

What a huge beast.

CHANI

(laughing)

This is just a Little Maker as we
say in the deep desert.

KYNES

Perhaps you will see a big one
today. Wherever there is Spice
there are worms.

PAUL

Is there a relationship between
worms and Spice?

CHANI looks at her father, a hidden meaning between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANI

Of course it is all connected.
The worms roam the Spice
sands. They seem to have a
strong sense of territory. We
are still trying to establish what
their relationship to Spice is...

PAUL stares at her with such intensity that she looks away, flushed,
suddenly self-conscious. With difficulty she continues.

CHANI

They grow to enormous size -
specimens larger than four
hundred meters have been found
in the deep desert and live to a
great age unless slain by one of
their fellows or drowned in water
which is poisonous to them...

An ASSISTANT approaches them with Stillsuits on hangers; Crinkling
and slick-surfaced, complicated, multi-layered diaphonous skins.

KYNES

The Stillsuits.

Immediately, the DUKE strips away his outer garments, struggles
with the Stillsuit.

KYNES helps him as DUNCAN and PAUL also strip.

CHANI

With a Stillsuit you won't lose
more than a thimbleful of
moisture a day. Your major
water loss is through the palms
of your hands but most Fremen
in the open desert rub their hands
with juice from the leaves of a
creosote bush.

KYNES adjusts a adhesion tab on the DUKE'S suit, fits his boots
slip-fashion at the ankles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANI helps DUNCAN who struggles just as awkwardly.

KYNES turns to help PAUL, but PAUL has finished putting on his suit and is moving about as if he had always worn one.

KYNES and CHANI are amazed. The other workers, FREMEN, look up from their assemblage.

KYNES
(to PAUL)
You've worn a Stillsuit before?

PAUL
This is the first time.

ANGLE

A WORKER, staring at PAUL, mutters under his breath.

ANGLE

KYNES
Your desert boots are fitted
slip-fashion at the ankles. Who
told you to do that?

PAUL
It seemed the right way.

KYNES is suddenly eager to leave.

KYNES
We waste time. We don't want to
be in the deep desert after dark.

He starts for the door, the others following.

The WORKERS stare after PAUL.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - ARRAKEEN - DAY

A POISON SNOOPER gently bobs and undulates its head like a sprung cobra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unused to this attention, JESSICA sits at one end of a long table in the Great Dining Hall, a plate of fruit untouched before her. Preoccupied, she pushes the plate away, staring off across the Great Hall stacked with packaged frieght: Boxes, trunks, cartons, cases. Around her, buttressed walls and dark hangings and above, an arched ceiling two stories high with huge crossbeams.

A darkly beautiful WOMAN in a shapeless sack dress of bonsman brown approaches her: SHADOUT MAPES. She bows stiffly. Her eyes are Fremen blue, her skin nearly livid.

JESSICA
You are the Housekeeper?

SHADOUT MAPES
I am. Shadout my name is.

JESSICA
An ancient name.

SHADOUT MAPES
You know the old tongues then?

JESSICA
I know the Bhotani Jib and the
Chakobsa, all the hunting
languages.

JESSICA gives her a hard look.

JESSICA
You are Fremen?

SHADOUT MAPES
Yes, my Lady. There are those
of us who work in the cities from
time to time.

JESSICA
(standing up
abruptly)
I'll need to go over various
quarters with you. We'll start
with the pantries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHADOUT MAPES
As you wish, my Lady.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They walk through an enormous kitchen where half a dozen
SERVANTS prepare the evening meal.

CUT TO:

INT. LINEN ROOM

They enter a darkened room whose shelves are piled with linens.
Sheets and blankets are laid out on tables.

From the street, a long melancholy cry, muffled and distant.

WATER SELLER
Sook... Sook... Sook...

JESSICA
What is that sound?

SHADOUT MAPES
Water sellers, my Lady. Water
is the most precious commodity
on Dune. More precious than
Spice. But, you've no need to
interest yourself in such as they.
The cistern here holds fifty
thousand tiko and it's always
kept full.

Suddenly, JESSICA'S demeanor changes. She locks the door to
the room.

JESSICA
You come prepared for violence
with a weapon in your robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHADOUT MAPES
(startled)
My Lady?

JESSICA
(in an alien tongue)
Miseces prejia. Adral t're
pera. Trada cik buscakri
meseces perakri...

Terrified, SHADOUT takes a step backward, prepared to flee.

JESSICA
You have done violence and will
do more violence.

SHADOUT MAPES
(in a low voice)
My Lady, I am a simple servant.

JESSICA
You might draw my life's blood
but you would bring down more
ruin than your wildest fears
could imagine.

SHADOUT MAPES falls to her knees.

SHADOUT MAPES
(pleading)
My Lady, the weapon is sent as
a gift to you should you prove to
be the One.

JESSICA
And, as the means of my death
should I fail the test.

SHADOUT stands. She reaches under her skirts and brings out a dark sheath. A black handle with deep finger ridges protrudes from it. She withdraws a Milk-White Blade which shines and glitters with a light of its own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHADOUT MAPES
Do you know this, my Lady?

JESSICA
It's a crysknife.

SHADOUT MAPES
Do you know its meaning?

She moves the blade towards JESSICA, ready to strike if JESSICA gives the wrong answer.

JESSICA
It's a tooth... the tooth of
Shai-Halud... the sacred worm.

SHADOUT stares at her, stunned. Slowly she returns the knife to its sheath. She hands it to JESSICA.

SHADOUT MAPES
It's yours. For as long as you
live.

JESSICA
(taking the knife)
You withdraw the crysknife
and sheath it unblooded?

SHADOUT tears open her bodice, exposing three superb breasts.

SHADOUT MAPES
Take the Water of my Life.

JESSICA cuts a delicate line with the blade's edge across SHADOUT'S center breast until she reaches the nipple... Blue Blood flows from the wound.

JESSICA
Now you may go. I should have
killed you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHADOUT MAPES

(whispering)

You are ours. You are the One.

Now it must take its course.

She turns and leaves as JESSICA sheaths the Crysknife.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORNITHOPTER - DESERT - DAY

The DUKE flies his 'THOPTER over the edge of the desert. On one side, a landscape with isolated developments of ancient architecture, beyond which stretch wave upon wave of unbroken dunes. On the other, rows of SPICE HARVESTERS parked on fields littered with mining machines, silos, ground transports.

KYNES sits beside him, while PAUL, CHANI and DUNCAN sit in the rear.

They fly through the superstructure of a massive Factory Ship, its towers as high as skyscrapers, belching blue smoke, its landing pads hosting dozens of CARRYALLS: Winged aircraft with lifting devices for transporting Harvesters.

ANGLE

A Carryall hovering slowly over a landing pad, lowering a Harvester.

Around the Factory Ship a vast field of shimmering chemicals, sulphurous orange and black lakes.

KYNES

Chemical wastes. These fields
are around every factory now.
Patches of death.

DUKE

Who's responsible?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES

Miners, smugglers, entrepreneurs. Everyone who comes to Dune. They ravage everything and give nothing back.

DUKE

(smiling)

And what about Heads of State?

KYNES

I am only the Imperial Planetologist.
A witness without the power to act.

DUKE

Do you think we could control
the natural balance?

KYNES

You cannot. You don't have the
view. You rule by fear and the
politics of power. You cannot
see how everything is related to
the whole.

DUKE

Would you take the power if you
were offered it?

KYNES

Perhaps. If it was the true will of
the People. If it was everyone's
dream.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The 'THOPTER skims alongside a tower of rock rising thousands
of feet from the desert floor.

CUT TO:

INT. 'THOPTER - DESERT - DAY

Inside the 'THOPTER, PAUL stares out the window.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE

TWO HOODED FIGURES, desert FALCONS perched on their shoulders, stand at the base of the tower next to a giant boulder, looking up at the 'THOPTER.

PAUL

(pointing)

Look... Fremmen.

The DUKE banks the 'THOPTER in a steep dive... but, the FREMEN have disappeared.

KYNES

Probably an apparition. The light plays strange tricks in the desert.

CUT TO:

INT. ORNITHOPTER - DESERT - DAY

They have reached the edge of the deep desert, an abyss of bleached white sand; on the horizon, a twisting SUN DEVIL.

KYNES

We should be close, according to the last report.

He points out the window.

KYNES

Up ahead and to the right.

They look. Nothing is there.

The DUKE feeds more power to the wings, stiffening them for a deeper descent as he settles lower in a circling glide above the sand.

He hauls back on the controls as the 'THOPTER lands, the wings tipping up and braking to a skidding stop.

There is no movement, no sound. Only the presence of the desert.

Then, a SPOUT OF SAND fifty yards away. Then ANOTHER.

In front of them, the desert starts to give way. Sand shooting up in funnels, then sinking away into deep whirlpools.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A GIANT SNOUT appears like a prehistoric beast, sand spewing hundreds of feet into the air.

Slowly the great Surface Deck of the FACTORY emerges from the sand, looking like a huge tan and blue beetle. A YELLOW CLOUD belches from the CRAWLER'S pipe vents.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - 'THOPTER - CRAWLER - DAY

They climb out of the 'THOPTER, staring at the FACTORY CRAWLER as it shudders to a halt. Only the Turret and other vertical umbilicals protrude through the surface of the sand, suggesting a machine of immense scale - rather like a half-submerged whale.

A scratchy Speaker blasts out of the CRAWLER.

SPEAKER

Identification.

KYNES reaches inside the 'THOPTER, grabs a microphone.

KYNES

(into microphone)

The Duke Leto Atreides wishes to inspect your Factory Crawler.

SPEAKER

We have just monitored worm-sign. Repeat. We have monitored wormsign from the North. Estimated contact, twenty minutes. Suggest the Duke leave within ten minutes.

KYNES

We will watch your rescue operation from the air. Where is your Carryall?

SPEAKER

We have lost contact with the Carryall. We expect him momentarily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE
(to KYNES)
Tell him we'll wait until the
Carryall arrives.

KYNES
(into microphone)
We'll wait until your situation
is secure.

SPEAKER
Thank you. Our respects to
the Duke.

DUNCAN
(to KYNES)
How long can they wait?

KYNES
Not more than ten minutes.

DUKE
How could they lose touch with
a Carryall?

KYNES
A sudden storm might have forced
it down. Sabotage. Mechanical
failure. Any number of things.

DUKE
And what if they don't get picked
up?

KYNES
They will abandon the Factory
and risk the desert... they may
die.

A heavy, charged level of anxiety.

PAUL has changed. He has become calm, centered, taking deep
breaths as if he is breathing in the very SOUL of the desert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
(his voice a
command)
How many men in the Factory?

KYNES
Twelve.

PAUL
We can take eight. Four will
have to be left. We'll have to
remove the back seats.

ANGLE ON

The DUKE, reacting to this sudden change in PAUL; at first annoyed,
then confused, then accepting it.

DUKE
Yes...

DUNCAN has already reached the 'THOPTER and started throwing
seats, cushions, etc. onto the sand.

ANGLE ON

PAUL standing with CHANI. He notices a charge of ozone in the
air, like burning rubber.

The fine hairs on his hands are Standing Up.

PAUL
You have been through this
before?

CHANI
No. Not quite like this.

He suddenly closes his eyes, totally drawn inward. Opening his
eyes with a shudder, he looks at CHANI.

PAUL
It comes. Shai-Halud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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(his voice a
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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He turns completely around to stare at a level line coming out of the distance. An elongated mound in motion. A cresting of sand, the way a big fish disturbs the water when swimming just underneath the surface.

CHANI
(under her breath)
Bless the Maker and his Water.
Bless the coming and going of
Him. May his passage cleanse
the world. May he keep the
world for his People.

PAUL stares at her, as if recognizing the words.

Then, all is ACTION. DUNCAN comes over to the DUKE from the 'THOPTER.

DUNCAN
We'll be able to carry ten. Two
will have to walk out.

KYNES
My daughter and I will walk.

DUKE
Absolutely not.

KYNES
Then you would needlessly
lose two skilled men. When
God ordains a creature to
die in a particular place, He
makes it known.
(smiling)
This is not my time.

The DUKE has no time to argue.

ANGLE

CHANI nodding goodbye to PAUL.

PAUL
You know the ways of the
Desert?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHANI
Yes. We are not afraid.

DUKE
(into microphone)
This is a command. Abandon
ship. We have room for all of
you.

ANGLE

A Hatch snaps open near the front of the Factory. MEN come tumbling out, sliding and scrambling to the sand. They start running towards the 'THOPTER.

ANGLE

The WORM approaches: Its head moving through the sand like the prow wave of a whale, vapor mists trailing behind - the creature having a magnetic field created by its own friction.

The approach grows louder - not so much a literal sound as a Quake... an earth movement.

ANGLE

KYNES and CHANI gliding steadily up the surface of a dune, moving sideways in peculiar crab-like steps.

The SPICE WORKERS reach the 'THOPTER, climbing into the rear.

The SLITHERING SOUND is almost deafening now.

PAUL, showing no fear, only a kind of innocent curiosity, waits to the last. As the Factory begins to tip down to the right, he finally climbs on board.

CUT TO:

INT. 'THOPTER

The DUKE adjusts the igniter and punches the jet sequence. They take off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

Beneath them, a gigantic SAND WHIRLPOOL begins forming to the right of the Factory. It moves faster and faster, sand and dust filling the air for hundreds of yards around.

A huge, wide HOLE emerges from the sand, sunlight flashing from glistening white SPOKES within it. The HOLE'S diameter is at least twice the length of the Factory. The HOLE pulls back and disappears.

PAUL watches with an unusual intensity the two tiny forms of KYNES and CHANI as they disappear behind a dune; a deep admiration in his eyes at how they seem at one with their landscape, at the sureness of their purpose.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - DAY

PAUL and DUNCAN walk across a city square. It is blazing hot. The few MEMBERS of the Arrakeen upper-class or business community forced to be out, walk with their heads shaded by giant umbrellas, carried by SERVANTS.

BEGGARS sleep and crouch in doorways, listlessly holding out their hands for alms.

ANGLE

Across the square, a tall, broad-shouldered MAN in the laced boots, skin tight hat of a prospector, steps out of a doorway, looks furtively to the left and right, and starts across the street.

A Vehicle careens around a corner, narrowly missing him. He turns, swearing at the DRIVER, his face clearly visible.

DUNCAN stares at him, startled, holding PAUL back by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUNCAN
I know that man. He's a
Harkonnen agent.

The MAN disappears around a corner.

PAUL
We have to keep him in sight.

A pair of WORKMEN sit against the wall of a building sharing an elongated circular pipe fashioned out of a shiny black material. DUNCAN drops some coins at their feet, gestures toward their cloaks. They nod listlessly, handing over their cloaks.

Pulling the cloaks over them, they hurry after the HARKONNEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - DAY

They follow the HARKONNEN down a narrow, winding street deep in the ghetto, past squalid stone huts, past a charnal ground where piles of skeletons lie next to smoldering fires, past whole FAMILIES crouched under metal platforms, squeezed into whatever hint of shade is available.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - DAY

The HARKONNEN enters a Trading Post; a large, ramshackle two-story, stone building on the outskirts of the city, facing the open desert.

Half a dozen FREMEN squat in the shade of the building next to bales of materials, machine parts, bins of rock samples, stacks of animal skins, strange two-headed birds in wire cages, etc.

They are from the city, half starved, their long desert robes in tatters, a vacant empty look to their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One Freman, however, sits apart - STILGAR - tall, erect, in an old but patched burnoose, his forehead painted with two orange tribal lines, his fierce eyes staring off into the distance - he is a breed apart from the City Fremmen: A Warrior. A man whose smallest gesture allows no compromise.

As PAUL and DUNCAN slowly approach the Trading Post, making their way past a stone corral hosting a dozen eight-legged pig-like creatures, a CLERK opens the door, throws out a saucer of used water and scraps on the ground.

The City FREMEN leap for the moisture like dogs, some even licking the parched earth.

DUNCAN

It is a shame. They have lost
all dignity.

PAUL points to STILGAR, who has turned his back on the scene.

PAUL

There are others. Like him.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADING POST

They enter a huge, oval-shaped room one side of which is piled with mining and prospecting equipment, piles of goods, long dry slabs of meat, medical supplies, racks of desert clothes - all the paraphernalia of the Dune frontier.

On the other side of the room, a large, florid faced MAN in the conservative suit of a Merchant sits on a raised platform, writing figures in a ledger. The HARKONNEN AGENT stands next to him, softly giving his orders.

Below the platform eight savage-looking INDIVIDUALS sit on stone benches. Dressed as Miners, they seem half drugged, with the preoccupied boredom of hired killers.

DUNCAN idly picks up a mining tool while PAUL looks about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The HARKONNEN AGENT descends the platform stairs, walks towards the back door.

DUNCAN averts his face as he passes.

ANGLE

The MERCHANT stares oddly at PAUL, as if trying to place him.

A suspended moment - the HIRED HANDS look to the MERCHANT for their cue.

Finally, PAUL moves towards the back door.

MERCHANT
(a soft, oily voice)
May I help you? Perhaps some
new clothes?

PAUL
(keeping his voice
neutral)
Not just now.

The MERCHANT signals one of the HIRED HANDS who stands and blocks the door, holding a vicious -looking axe-like instrument in both hands.

DUNCAN
(looking at PAUL
casually)
Well, Lad. We might get our
exercise today after all.

With a sudden explosion of movement, DUNCAN whirls, kicks the MAN at the door in the groin. The MAN sinks to the floor, groaning in pain.

DUNCAN picks up the axe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUNCAN
(looking at it)
Nasty little instrument.
Not very well balanced, but
it will have to do.

With a short snap to his wrist he throws it at a BURLY MAN coming towards him holding a long, iron bar. The axe strikes him in the chest, splitting him in two.

PAUL, meanwhile, has grabbed a chain; swinging it over his head he drives back two of his ASSAILANTS.

PAUL and DUNCAN work together as a team, moving around each other, calling out, feinting, attacking - three of the HIRED HANDS are down. The others circling cautiously.

ANGLE

STILGAR has entered the door. Unnoticed, he stands by a far wall, his arms folded, watching the fight.

Two of the THUGS charge directly at PAUL, wielding long knives. With almost insolent ease, PAUL side-steps them, jabs a rigid finger into the throat of one, runs another through with a sword thrown to him by DUNCAN.

ANGLE

The MERCHANT stands on his platform, raising up a missile weapon, aiming it at PAUL.

ANGLE

STILGAR, in one fluid motion, throws a thin blade directly into the throat of one, runs another through with a sword thrown to him by DUNCAN.

The remaining TWO THUGS flee out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL and DUNCAN, unmarked, look towards STILGAR, who regards them without expression.

PAUL

Why do you help us?

STILGAR

It would not be good if the son of Duke Leto Atreides was killed. There would be reprisals. Fremen would suffer.

DUNCAN

We follow a man. We must hurry if he is not to escape.

STILGAR

I follow this same man. A Harkonnen. I will kill him in a certain place so that all will know he has gone against the law.

PAUL

What law is that?

STILGAR

Freman law. The law of Dune. He has killed three Fremen in the deep desert and his men have stolen Spice from us. There are many Harkonnen now. They are not welcome among us.

PAUL

What of Atreides law? Do they not govern Dune?

STILGAR

Fremen know the laws of this planet. Atreides do not. I am free and you are not, even though you think that you rule. But, you are ignorant of the true laws and you will not survive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

We would go with you to kill
this Harkonnen.

STILGAR

I do not care if you come or go.
You are the same to me as
Harkonnen. This time I kill
Harkonnen. Next time, perhaps
Atreides. If you come with me
I do not know you. If you are
recognized you will be killed and
I will not save you.

He turns and walks out the door.

They follow.

DUNCAN

I'm not sure we've been properly
invited.

PAUL

(half to himself)

He is magnificent. They are the
only ones who truly live on this
planet. Without them, we are
lost. Perhaps not now, but certain-
ly later.

They follow STILGAR out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT

They follow a good hundred yards behind STILGAR across a
black volcanic terrain strewn with huge boulders and deep
crevasses. He moves with the long, easy stride of one used
to covering great distances.

He never once looks back.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT

Without warning, they come upon a massive declivity in the rocks - a bowl-shaped valley forming an ancient amphitheater.

A maze of hastily erected tents cover the center of the amphitheater creating a transient marketplace for smugglers, prospectors, Fremen and various outlaws.

A CROWD has gathered around a large boulder where an 'AUCTIONEER' holds up samples of Spice from sacks lying at his feet.

STILGAR heads directly into the CROWD.

PAUL and DUNCAN linger behind, standing on the outskirts.

DUNCAN points to a few MEN in the CROWD dressed in the nondescript clothing of smugglers.

DUNCAN

Harkonnen. I'd bet my life
on it. See the tattoo on that
one's arm.

The Harkonnen Crest shows on the MAN'S forearm.

ANGLE

Suddenly, STILGAR appears beside the AUCTIONEER, pushing the HARKONNEN before him. The HARKONNEN fights for control but it is clearly a losing battle.

ANGLE

PAUL and DUNCAN watch the HARKONNEN in front of them reach for their weapons. But, FREMEN have quietly positioned themselves behind them and they are disarmed without being noticed.

The CROWD is hushed, expectant.

STILGAR holds the HARKONNEN by the neck in an iron grip. The HARKONNEN'S eyes bulge with fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR addresses the CROWD, his voice firm and even, his BLUE EYES flashing with the fervor of the righteous.

STILGAR

Here is one who has betrayed
the laws of the deep desert. He
has taken three lives from the
noble born and he has come among
us and stolen our Spice and spread
evil rumours.

He pushes the HARKONNEN to the ground.

The CROWD murmurs, the FREMEN muttering: "It is the law..."
the smugglers and assorted riff-raff keep quiet, not wanting to
intrude.

STILGAR

The law says this Harkonnen must
die.

The HARKONNEN makes a last futile attempt to save his life.

HARKONNEN

It is not true. It is the Atreides
that have done this thing. It is
they that oppress this planet.

STILGAR shoves the HARKONNEN to his knees.

He pulls a Crysknife from underneath his robe - gleaming white,
flashing in the sun.

With one powerful blow, he beheads the HARKONNEN.

PAUL nods to DUNCAN to leave.

They detach themselves from the CROWD, making their way up
the rocky incline towards the City.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

JESSICA sits before a simple altar in her quarters, a candle and offering bowl the only sacramental objects.

She meditates, her eyes half closed.

Slowly, she begins to levitate.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT - DAY

DUKE LETO inspects the inside of a Factory Ship, passing WORKERS sifting Spice out of giant bins of sand.

The ROAR of machinery drowns out all speech. Everything is covered with WHITE DUST. The WORKERS wear covers over their mouths, huge visors over their eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - EARLY MORNING

Ghostly FIGURES move underneath the Castle walls, sweeping over flower fields with strange, scythe-like devices as they gather the early morning dew.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - MORNING

The DUKE stands on a balcony overlooking the Castle walls and the shimmering fields busy with DEW COLLECTORS.

ANGLE

In the far distance, near the Shield Wall, a GUARD DETAIL is relieved of the night watch, a long, wavering, wind instrument announcing the change.

ANGLE

JESSICA watches the DUKE from a canopied bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SERVANT enters behind her with a tray of food, placing it on the bedside table.

Automatically, a golden POISON SNOOPER circles down from the ceiling and perches on the table, its long sensor arms vibrating over the food like a metallic insect. The food is safe from poison. It regains its position on the ceiling. It is such an ordinary procedure that neither the DUKE nor JESSICA takes notice of it.

DUKE

(turning towards her)
Do you still think of a child?

JESSICA

Yes.

The DUKE walks toward her.

DUKE

Why do you smile?

JESSICA

Forgive me... I have been preparing for this moment. I am not good at pretending.

DUKE

You knew I would ask you?

JESSICA

Yes.

DUKE

You, or the Bene Gesserit?

JESSICA

Me.

He sits on the bed, reaching out for her.

DUKE

Then we must begin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gently, she resists him.

JESSICA

Tonight... the elements will
be in the right conjunction. I
must be exact. This moment
will not happen again.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - DAY

PAUL sits suspended in a round, three-dimensional space,
as if weightless, in a teaching room that uses the five senses
to infiltrate the psyche with information.

DR. YUEH sits on a chair in front of him, manipulating a series
of controls from a long, narrow box.

DR. YUEH

And so, the process unfolds into
these nine particular elements
on the Planet Salusa Secundus...

ANGLE

An INSECT circles near DR. YUEH'S forehead. Suddenly, it
glows, flashing on and off like a firefly.

DR. YUEH stares at the INSECT, coding its message. He is
deeply disturbed.

He looks at PAUL, whose mind is obviously somewhere else.

DR. YUEH

(continuing the
lesson)

... travelling back into an
original splitting of two. And
here the symbolism of red and
white fuse, which, as a Primal
Vibration, surveys the radiance
of the origin without words...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. YUEH flips a switch, causing the room to return to normal.

As PAUL turns around in his seat, the INSECT lands on DR. YUEH'S cheek, its light extinguished.

DR. YUEH
Your concentration is elsewhere. We will stop for today.

PAUL gets up, walks to a door, opens it and steps out onto a balcony.

ANGLE

PAUL looks out over the city, bathed in an ethereal evening light.

He can hear the distant babble of the market place: The sad cry of WATER SELLERS, "Sook... Sook... Sook," the rumble of traffic, the shifting of the city as it prepares for night. And, over all, a HUGE SUN sliding over the horizon.

PAUL
I don't know what it is... I've felt distracted... restless.

ANGLE

The INSECT leaves DR. YUEH'S cheek, flashes a message and is gone.

DR. YUEH steps onto the balcony, stands next to PAUL.

DR. YUEH
You need to do something different... on your own. Disguise yourself so that you can be anonymous. There is much to learn in the streets. A ruling class always tends to be too separate, too removed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

My father won't permit me to
go anywhere at night unattended.

DR. YUEH

I'll make sure you won't be
missed. It will be our secret.

The OLD MAN looks suddenly ancient, weary. PAUL looks
at him with concern.

PAUL

You are tired?

DR. YUEH

I am tired and I am old.

DR. YUEH sits on a bench, his rheumy eyes gazing vaguely over
Arrakeen.

PAUL

It was hard for you to come to
Dune?

He speaks from deep within himself, as if he has forgotten
PAUL'S presence.

DR. YUEH

I should never have come.

He suddenly feels he has said too much. He turns to PAUL, a
half smile on his thin lips.

DR. YUEH

You have been a good student,
Paul. I have taught you all that
I can. But, now you must learn
from your own experience. You
Must seek out your own destiny...
Go on now... But, try and stay
out as long as you can. It will
make everything easier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL is touched by his old tutor's frailty. He wants to say something but cannot find the words, there never having been that kind of intimate moment between them.

He nods and leaves DR. YUEH sitting alone on the balcony.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

PAUL walks down a narrow, winding street.

He crosses a field towards the ghetto; the FREMEN section of town: A tiered complex of mud dwellings, a sense of bleak poverty, an occasional hooded FREMAN, furtive and suspicious, hugging the sides of the tall buildings.

ANGLE

A YOUNG BOY, naked except for a loin cloth, pulls on PAUL'S sleeve.

YOUNG BOY
Spice... from the Great Erg.
Pure.

PAUL allows himself to be led into a dark passageway, down a series of steps into a low, stone building.

CUT TO:

INT. SPICE SHOP

He steps into a dimly lit room.

An OLD FREMAN sits on the stone floor, in front of him a line of BLUE SPICE CRYSTALS on a long, metal tray.

He weighs a Crystal on a scale, hands it to a FREMAN sitting before him.

The FREMAN gives him a coin and leaves.

The SPICE DEALER looks up at PAUL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
Spice.

DEALER
To buy or to use here?

PAUL
Here.

DEALER
Two solaris. Follow the boy.

PAUL pays him, follows the BOY to a back room.

CUT TO:

INT. SPICE DEN

PAUL sits on a low, stone bench in a cave-like room. He is naked, a long piece of cloth draped over his head as he inhales the BLUE VAPORS of SPICE rising from the floor.

FOUR FREMEN sit around him, also naked, inhaling the SPICE.

PAUL'S skin has a faint tinge of blue to it as he abandons himself to the visions of the SPICE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A two-man SANDCRAFT hums along the top of a dune, moonlight shimmering over the desert.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDCRAFT

DR. YUEH sits inside the Sandcraft, manipulating the controls.

The INSECT hovers above the Control Panel, flashing its light on and off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT

DR. YUEH stands on the edge of a valley surrounded by high dunes, the Sandcraft next to him.

The INSECT lands on his shoulder, then moves off in front of him, blinking its light.

YUEH follows into the middle of the valley.

He stands alone in the great solitude of the desert, the INSECT moving constantly about his head, his face immobile with resignation and dread.

Another INSECT appears, then another, then still more as they join into a cluster of lights, a nucleus of energy weaving above him.

Slowly, an immense SHADOW forms above him, blocking out the stars.

A faint breeze whips up the sand.

A dark stair descends from the blackness as the INSECTS disappear into the void.

DR. YUEH, as if pulled by an invisible rope around his neck, slowly mounts the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The DUKE and JESSICA make love.

She sits on his lap, her legs around his waist. They stare into each other's eyes. She whispers to him, as if from a sacred litany.

JESSICA

I am the Sun. You are the
Moon. You are all women. I
am all men. When you release
your seed it will be like sacred
oil poured into an altar fire.

They moan, celebrating their union.

CUT TO:

INT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

PAUL walks through a labyrinth of dimly-lit corridors, a subterranean casbah for the Arrakeen underworld. His eyes glazed, his movements slow and deliberate under the influence of Spice.

Rooms and shallow caves offer glimpses of black-market sales, wrestling matches, gambling, SLAVES being auctioned off, beckoning PROSTITUTES, etc.

A CROWD is gathered at one end, tense, focused, silent - staring at TWO FIGURES seated opposite each other. They push forward to see:

An OLD CRONE seated on a rug behind a shallow pit, a FREMAN seated on the other side, opposite her. He has taken off his shirt, nervously flexing and unflexing his fingers, staring at a small RED BALL in the center of the pit.

Around him, a large amount of money changes hands.

The OLD CRONE looks at PAUL, eyes of total BLUE. Taking a BLACK CONCH SHELL from underneath her robe, she turns it upside down and holds it over the pit.

A SMALL BLACK SNAKE, no more than six inches long, drops out, slithering back and forth near the RED BALL.

The FREMAN holds his hand over the pit. No movement, no sound from the CROWD. Suddenly, he makes a move for the RED BALL.

The SNAKE strikes him on the hand. He falls back, writhing in pain.

He is dragged away from the CROWD.

PAUL moves to the pit. Sits down.

As he stares at the OLD CRONE her features seem to change, to shift slightly. He shakes his head, trying to clear his vision.

The OLD CRONE'S face becomes JESSICA'S. He shuts his eyes. Opening his eyes, CHANI stares at him. Her face changes into a baby girl's - ALIA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out of ALIA'S mouth comes a strange, fanatical sound: "Muad' Dib... Muad'Dib..."

Her mouth becomes an ABYSS where CROWDS seem to jeer and tear at him out of the darkness, their ravaged faces looming up to scream incomprehensible sounds at him.

His vision clears. The OLD CRONE appearing again.

He stares at the SNAKE.

Slowly, his hands begin to form a series of Mudras - meditative gestures designed to express different states of mind or levels of energy.

Hypnotized, the SNAKE sways before him.

His fingers move forward, caressing, stroking the SNAKE. Holding it in his hands, he drops it into the Conch Shell.

PAUL

One should not harm the Little
Makers.

The FREMEN in the CROWD gasp audibly.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

HAWAT sits at a kitchen table, studying a move on the three-dimensional chess board.

DR. YUEH stands by the stove, heating up a sauce.

HAWAT

(making a move)

I feel the heat here. It affects
my brain. You know how attached
I am to my brain. It's a
sluggishness, as if my blood
is moving too slowly; a kind of
inertia, a lack of will... On
Caladan it was the moisture

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWAT (Cont'd)
and now it is the insane heat.
I will never find the perfect
middle, if indeed there ever is
a middle. Do you know what I
mean?

YUEH stops stirring up the sauce, makes a distracted move.

HAWAT studies the board, quickly makes a move.

HAWAT
I think you will be forced to
resign.

DR. YUEH
(distracted)
Yes, I suppose.

HAWAT
What an absurd, emotional game
you played. Are you ill or something?

YUEH pours the sauce into a bowl and pours it over a plate of
meat. He sets the plate on the table, moving aside the POISON
SNOOPER in the center of the table.

DR. YUEH
More than likely.

HAWAT reaches for a piece of meat, cuts into it and eats. He
starts to choke.

Stunned, he stares at YUEH as the poison starts to enter his
bloodstream. He pulls the POISON SNOOPER to his plate. It
bobs its head, an ALARM going off. He looks at his old friend,
his lips trying to form the question.

HAWAT
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YUEH cannot look at HAWAT. His voice is a whisper.

DR. YUEH

Years ago, I worked for Baron Harkonnen - on another planet, in another time - As was his custom with his closest employees, he administered a residual poison to my food. My diet has to have an antidote each day if I am to live. And the Baron, of course, possesses that antidote. When the Lady Jessica gave birth to Paul, the Baron arranged for me to be hired as his tutor, to infiltrate the household. It is a common enough strategy with the Baron.

HAWAT'S head nods, his teeth clenching as the poison spreads.

DR. YUEH

But, none of that is your concern now, old friend. Don't waste your time contemplating me. It will spoil whatever chances you might have for a decent rebirth.

YUEH forces himself to look at HAWAT.

DR. YUEH

It is your final duty to embrace the void. To let go of this world and journey to the next.

HAWAT manages a last question.

HAWAT

Is life so important to you - to betray... all?

YUEH cannot look into his eyes; HAWAT slumps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. YUEH

Yes. To my eternal shame,
it is.

DR. YUEH reaches into HAWAT'S tunic, takes out a small
computer-like OBJECT, presses a button.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Five DEATH COMMANDOES stand poised outside the Shield Wall,
the dome-like protective laser that surrounds the Castle.

Two GUARDS lie dead at their feet.

They are no more than four feet tall, dressed in black, every
move lethal and efficient.

The SHIELD WALL suddenly goes off.

The Five DEATH COMMANDOES step across the protective line.

ANGLE

The FIFTH COMMANDO disappears into smoke as the Shield
Wall is turned on again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

PAUL sits among a FAMILY of Fremmen seated around an open fire
in the city slums; around them, a squalid collection of shacks, piles
of rubble, grazing animals.

Somewhere, someone plays a haunting TUNE on a reed-like
instrument. PAUL is gripped in a sudden Spice vision.

INTERCUT:

Fire and smoke pouring out of the Castle.

DISSOLVING TO:

CONTINUED:

A flat, white stretch of desert - A hundred Atreides SOLDIERS tied on stakes, their heads twisted in grotesque death agonies.

A CROWD chanting a name: "Muad'Dib... Muad'Dib..." transformed suddenly into a raging MOB threatening to tear him to pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

PAUL stands, walks, then runs across the field towards the Castle, the Shield Wall glowing in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

PAUL walks past the SENTRY at the Shield Wall, steps through as another GUARD pushes the control button.

All is quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

He steps through the front door, past the SENTRY.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

ANGLE

DR. YUEH walking toward him from a reception room. PAUL waits for him.

DR. YUEH
I thought you would be out all
night.

PAUL
(staring at him)
I'm... tired... Have you seen
Hawat?

DR. YUEH is totally composed as he answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. YUEH
I shared a light meal with him in
the kitchen. He's gone to sleep.

PAUL
My father?

DR. YUEH
He retired early with your mother.
Is there anything I can do?

PAUL
I'll wait until tomorrow.

DR. YUEH
I'm sure. goodnight, Paul.

DR. YUEH watches as PAUL leaves through the reception room.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The DUKE lies in bed, half asleep. JESSICA sleeps next to him,
her head on his shoulders.

The HUM from the Shield Wall dims momentarily, the lights
dimming as well.

He opens his eyes. Again, the HUM dims.

Careful not to wake JESSICA, he rises and goes out to the balcony,
slipping on a silk robe.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

From the balcony, the Shield Wall appears intact. In the distance,
a FLASH of light, then, nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The DUKE opens the door to the hall. There is no one about.
It is ominously quiet.

He walks to the end of the hall, calling for the Sentry.

DUKE
Sentry!

No answer.

He opens the door to the Servants' Quarters.

ANGLE

SHADOUT MAPES lies on the floor, dead from a knife wound.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - PAUL'S ROOM

PAUL enters.

Halfway to the bed he turns, facing the bed, sensing something.
The carved headboard of the bed folds down onto the spot where
he would sleep.

He freezes, holds himself in near-catatonic immobility.

From behind the headboard slips a tiny HUNTER-SEEKER, a
small bat-like creature with a cobra's head.

The HUNTER-SEEKER ripples through the slatted light from
the lamp, quartering the room. It drops half a meter, quartering
to the left, circling back toward the bed.

The hall door being CREAKS.

The HUNTER-SEEKER arrows past him towards the motion as:

JESSICA enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

In one swift motion, PAUL manages a desperate swipe at the HUNTER-SEEKER. He cuts his head off.

PAUL
Where's father?

JESSICA
(shaking her head)
I don't know.

In the distance, a MUFFLED BLAST. SHOUTS from the outside.

PAUL and JESSICA rush out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

As the DUKE rushes down the hallway, a FIGURE drops on him from the ceiling.

The DEATH COMMANDO slashes the DUKE'S arm before the DUKE manages to throw him off. With a ferocious yell, the DUKE cuts his head off.

From outside, the SOUND of heavy artillery, shouts, running footsteps.

ANGLE

Another DEATH COMMANDO hurls himself at the DUKE. They fight their way through a door into the Servants' Quarters.

ANGLE

Three SERVANTS lie dead on the floor. The DUKE parries a blow from the DEATH COMMANDO, kicks him in the stomach, then the head, as he falls. Finally, he runs him through the stomach with his sword.

The DUKE sinks to his knees with exhaustion.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE

DR. YUEH stands behind the DUKE. Slowly, he lifts a DART GUN.
He FIRES.

A dart penetrates the DUKE'S neck. He sags forward.

YUEH breaks his fall, propping him up against the wall.

DUKE LETO looks at his old friend and servant.

DUKE LETO
Yueh?

DR. YUEH
It is true, my Lord Duke.
Death and deceit.

DUKE LETO
The Baron...

DR. YUEH
His evil and my corruption are
greater than your good.

YUEH looks at the DUKE, tears in his eyes.

ANGLE

TWO COMMANDOES burst through a window, advancing on the
DUKE.

ANGLE

DUNCAN appears in the doorway, bloodied, holding a Missile Gun.
He fires at the COMMANDOES, killing one.

ANGLE

A HARKONNEN SOLDIER appears behind DUNCAN.

DUNCAN instinctively turns, killing him in one blow.

The remaining DEATH COMMANDO lunges at DUNCAN, but DUNCAN
deflects the blow, running him through with his sword.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE

The DUKE, paralyzed, watches from the floor.

ANGLE

DUNCAN bends down to his DUKE.

ANGLE

DR. YUEH standing behind DUNCAN, his dagger raised.

ANGLE

The DUKE trying to whisper.

DUKE

Yu.....eh.....

DUNCAN turns as YUEH plunges his dagger into him.

DUNCAN is wounded. He stands, looking at YUEH, slowly raising his sword.

DUNCAN

Traitor.....Villainous traitor.

He cuts DR. YUEH in two with one blow.

Blood seeping out of his back, he kneels beside the DUKE.

ANGLE

PAUL and JESSICA come through the door, kneel beside the DUKE.

DUKE

'Thopter....I order you....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA
(tears streaming
down her cheeks)
I will never leave you.

DUKE
My Love... I am dead...

JESSICA
No.

DUKE
You must... You and the boy...

He looks at her until she sees that she has to obey.

Realizing her duty, she withdraws within herself, summoning the training of the Bene Gesserit.

ANGLE

Two SARDAUKAR TROOPERS appear in the doorway. PAUL and DUNCAN turn to meet them.

JESSICA rips a locket from her chest, takes out a capsule and gently places it in the DUKE'S mouth.

She kisses him on the forehead.

JESSICA
Remember... the capsule...
When you see the Baron... bite
down. When you expel your breath
you will fill the air around you with
poison gas... It will be your
revenge.

He nods to her, grateful.

JESSICA
I will always love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

Behind her, PAUL and DUNCAN dispatch the SARDAUKAR.

But, ONE TROOPER has broken through, rushing upon her.

She grabs the DUKE'S sword and stands to meet him, her face transformed with agony and rage.

With a piercing yell, frightening in its intensity, she swings the sword from the hilt with both hands, decapitating the TROOPER.

From the hallway, SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS.

JESSICA joins PAUL and DUNCAN as more SARDAUKAR pour through a window.

PAUL turns towards his father.

PAUL
We must not leave him.

JESSICA
Yes. It is his will. We must
live and have our revenge.

They flee out the door.

ANGLE

The DUKE watching them leave... shutting his eyes as they disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

They run through a banquet room, into a narrow corridor.

ANGLE

PAUL turns to fire at a group of pursuing SARDAUKAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'THOPTER PAD

They make their way onto a large, stone turret. Two 'THOPTERS stand at the far end. Another one has burst into flames. They run across the landing pad towards a 'THOPTER.

ANGLE

FEYD-RAUTHA appears from a passageway with a PLATOON of SARDAUKAR.

They fire.

DUNCAN
I'll delay them.

He fires at them with a MISSILE GUN.

PAUL
We're going together.

DUNCAN
You know what the priorities are. I haven't taught you for nothing for all these years.

ANGLE

PAUL and JESSICA run for the 'THOPTER.

ANGLE

DUNCAN firing at the SARDAUKAR, runs towards the side of the landing pad, drawing their fire.

ANGLE

PAUL and JESSICA climb into the 'THOPTER.

ANGLE

FEYD-RAUTHA as he watches DUNCAN hold his sword over his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

With a Whirling Dervish SWORD DANCE, the OLD WARRIOR rushes them, shouting his battle cry. He kills THREE before he is brought to his knees.

ANGLE

Two DEATH COMMANDOES rush him, one sacrificing his life to draw DUNCAN'S blade.

The OTHER severs DUNCAN'S trunk in two.

ANGLE

The 'THOPTER rises in a straight, vertical takeoff.

Missile Guns score several hits, damaging one wing and the fuselage.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

A Harkonnen ARMADILLO answers fire from inside a building in the center of the city, scoring a direct hit as the building disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN

Twenty Atreides SOLDIERS lie on the ground in the city square, bound hand and foot.

A Harkonnen TROOP CARRIER drives over them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN NIGHT

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, many of them FREMEN, are herded into a hastily erected barbed-wire enclosure.

In the distance - dull explosions, flares, fitful bursts of firing as the last pockets of Atreides are mopped up.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

The BARON sits in a chair, staring at the DUKE lying at his feet.

Around him, the room is a shambles - a gutted wall, smashed furniture, broken glass. Several Harkonnen BODIES lie near the door, while DR. YUEH lies at the feet of the DUKE.

The BARON nudges the body of DR. YUEH.

BARON
(to a GUARD)
Get that useless piece of meat
out of my sight.

DR. YUEH is dragged off.

PITER bends down to the DUKE, feels his heart.

PITER
He is nearly dead.

BARON
What of the woman and the boy?

PITER
They escaped in a 'thopter, headed
towards the deep desert. We're
following them but they might get
away.

BARON
That is not good. That will cost
someone his life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BARON stares at the DUKE.

BARON

You can hear me, Duke Leto.

I know you can hear me.

(he reaches out
with his boot, rubs
the DUKE'S nose)

You are defeated, dear Cousin.

Totally. Because you failed to
take me seriously enough, failed
to understand my vision of this
dustball of a planet.

(he leans closer)

It pains me that this cannot be
handled privately, between the
two of us. To have others,
especially the military see
royalty in such straits sets a
bad precedent.

A SERVANT hands him a plate of food. He takes a bite, waves
the plate aside.

BARON

You had an emergency plan.

Where have you sent your woman
and the boy? You know, my dear
Leto. You will tell us in the end.

There's a level of pain no one, not
even you, can tolerate.

PITER

Allow me to produce the necessary
information, Baron. I am an artist
in such matters.

BARON

Yes... Yes... Do you hear, dear
Cousin? Piter is a master at such
matters. I can restrain him no
longer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The DUKE opens eyes that are glazed and insane.

DUKE
(in a low whisper)
Bar... on... Har... kon... nen...

The DUKE closes his eyes, on the edge of losing consciousness.

The BARON'S huge bulk prohibits him from bending down.

BARON
See what he wants.

PITER places his ear next to the DUKE'S mouth.

PITER
Yes, Duke Leto?

DUKE
Baron... Har... kon... nen...

PITER
Yes, I am listening.

The DUKE draws a deep breath. His jawline stiffens as he clamps his mouth shut. Opening his mouth, he expels a poisonous VAPOR.

ANGLE

The BARON realizes what has happened with the crunch of the capsule.

He looks about wildly, grabbing a mask hanging from the Bashar COLONEL'S belt.

He puts it on, then draws a small revolver from inside his uniform.

ANGLE

As he sees PITER start to fall, the COLONEL turns but the BARON points the revolver at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BARON
(through the gas
mask)
I would suggest you try the
door.

The COLONEL turns, only to sink to his knees, gasping for
breath.

ANGLE

The two AIDES dying on the floor.

ANGLE

PITER crawling up to the BARON, holding his ankles.

BARON
(staring down at
PITER'S clutching
fingers)
I know, Piter. I shall miss you
too... I am very much alone.

The BARON backs to the door, shutting it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

He rages down the hall, ripping off his gas mask, his suspensors
propelling him ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE

He pushes open the door of the main reception room near the
Great Hall, now transformed into a temporary Command Headquarters.

FEYD-RAUTHA sits at a desk with several AIDES, issuing orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

An Atreides OFFICER sits on a chair, his head sagging to his chest, blood dripping from his mouth.

A Harkonnen LIEUTENANT lifts up his head by the hair, looks into his eyes.

LIEUTENANT
Once more... the number of
troops in your command?

The OFFICER looks at him blankly, unable to speak.

BARON
I want the boy and his whore
of a mother found. Is that
understood? And, I want the
total extermination of Atreides.

CUT TO:

INT. 'THOPTER - NIGHT

JESSICA sits beside PAUL as he guides the 'THOPTER over miles of rocks, silver-frosted angles and outcroppings in the starlight - beyond, the dunes diminishing one into another.

A SECOND MOON shows itself over the horizon, dust ridden from a storm.

A SHELLBURST jars the 'THOPTER. Then, another.

JESSICA cranes her neck to see THREE of the BARON'S 'THOPTERS giving pursuit.

PAUL
We'll have to try the storm.
It's our only chance.

The 'THOPTER leaps like a frightened animal, surging southwest towards the STORM and the great curve of desert.

Above the horizon climbs the flat immensity of the STORM like a wall against the stars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their cheeks pull into the G-force as PAUL stubs the wings, banking hard left into the slow boiling of the STORM WALL - a clouding of dust that grows heavier and heavier until it blots out the desert and the moon.

The aircraft becomes a long, horizontal whisper of darkness, lighted only by the green luminosity of the instrument panel.

The wind buffets them as PAUL fights the controls. The metal around them hissing and trembling as they sink deeper into the maelstrom.

A giant turbulence suddenly turns them, twisting and tipping the 'THOPTER like a ship on a geyser.

PAUL
We'll have to land.

Blurring shadows of dunes loom towards them, rocks lifting like islands. The 'THOPTER touches a dune top with a lurch, skips a sand valley, touches another dune, tumbling down to bury its nose in the next dune amid a cascade of sand. The right wing twisting upward and in, pointing towards the stars.

They sit inside the wrecked 'THOPTER, the wind screaming and whipping around them, choking dust everywhere, filling up the cockpit.

With horror they watch the fuselage being eaten away by the immense abrasive power of the storm.

Suddenly, abruptly, the STORM is over.

There is only SILENCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

They sit on a ridge of sand, looking across the desert as the immense and awesome SUN rises over the horizon.

Behind them, near the wrecked 'THOPTER, they have made a pile of their meagre equipment and set up a STILLTENT, a sealable enclosure of translucent micro-sandwich fabric.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

They crawl into the Stilltent, the SUN now over the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT - MID-DAY

The SUN at its zenith; a furnace of heat. Nothing moves around the TENT.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT - EVENING

The SUN sinks over the horizon as long shadows of night rush across the dunes towards them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

PAUL sits on a ridge of sand, looking across the desert.

ANGLE

JESSICA emerges from the Stilltent, stands behind PAUL.

PAUL turns to her.

PAUL

Did you know what you were
doing, Mother, when you
created a male Bene Gesserit?

She stares at him, unable to reply.

JESSICA

I... You must accept your
destiny, Paul.

PAUL

My destiny. I wonder what my
destiny really is. I am controlled
by forces, Mother. Your forces,
not mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

What do these forces tell you?

He shuts his eyes, turning away, not wanting to tell all that he sees.

PAUL

That we will go on... that we must survive.

She stares over him, at the empty desert.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT - STILLTENT - DAY

They sit in the Stilltent, suspended their eyes half closed, barely breathing as they wait out the day.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - MID-DAY

The SUN at its zenith. Nothing moves as far as the eye can see.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

PAUL emerges from the half-buried Stilltent.

He goes to the edge of the ridge.

Sitting down, he looks out over the desert at the two FULL MOONS slowly rising into the night sky.

Weeping, he abandons himself to his grief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

They stand on top of the ridge; beneath them, the moonlit desert. Stillsuit hoods cover their faces, mouth filters in place, noseplugs adjusted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

If we keep moving the Fremmen
will find us. We'll go into the
deep desert. Due North.

He starts off, then turns back to her.

PAUL

Imitate me...

He walks forward, moving across the sand in a natural broken
rhythm; the way KYNES and CHANI moved after their escape
from the worm.

She watches, then follows, imitating him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

They make their way across the desert floor, stopping, then
going on, stopping again; PAUL leading the way with the same
loose rhythm.

Suddenly, they throw themselves to the sand as a BLACK FUNNEL
twists by them, howling off into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Hollow eyed and bruised, their faces blistered and compacted
into grotesque lines of agony, they stumble across a long,
sloping dune.

Behind them, a huge DARK FORM rises out of the sand - the
hideous mouth belching and hissing as it plows its way towards
them.

The BEAST shudders and goes under for a moment before it
reappears, an exhalation of foul air throwing them forward on
their knees.

They force themselves to rise, half crawling towards a rocky
plateau.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Running across the protective rocks, they manage to crouch between two boulders.

As the WORM comes upon them, PAUL stands and walks forward.

He looks directly into the YAWNING ABYSS, his eyes burning with Spice vision as he surrenders himself totally, in one instant voyaging through the inner realms of hell, through his own death and deepest fear to a surging strength, a fierce acceptance of his own destiny.

At the last moment, the WORM dives into the depths, sending a wash of sand and pebbles over him.

ANGLE

JESSICA stares at him with a mixture of fear and awe as he turns and faces her, his eyes the DEEPEST BLUE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

They climb along the edge of a giant dune, vapours rising beneath them from a Spice field.

Without warning, a cascade of sand sweeps down from above.

JESSICA is almost swept away, but PAUL manages to hold her with one hand.

They look at each other.

JESSICA starts to let go, her will failing, her life force slipping away from her.

PAUL
(his voice a hoarse
whisper)
No, Mother. It is not your
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pours strength into her with his eyes, his entire being pulling her towards him.

ANGLE

Above, the dune begins to give way again.

Slowly, he pulls her up, flinging her to the side as a mass of sand roars past, missing them by a few feet.

They lie on top of each other, slowly sliding down the rest of the dune.

In his effort, he has lost his pack containing their Stilltent and all their supplies.

They lie, exhausted, at the foot of the dune.

JESSICA
Your pack?

PAUL
Gone. We have nothing now.
Only ourselves.

He helps her up.

Slowly, painfully, they start walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

The dawn explodes before them - a huge ball of wild colour in a ferocious rise over the horizon.

At the same time, as if in apocalyptic celebration, FUNNELS of twisting sand advance across the desert, threatening to extinguish the light.

Awed, they watch the storm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL points towards a mound of rock and sand where a BLACK SPACE seems to indicate the mouth of a cave.

They start towards it as little eddies and whirlpools of sand sweep around them. The sky darkens violently, the COLUMNS of SAND moaning towards them.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM - DAWN

They step into the opening, through a jagged curtain of man-sized TEETH or crysknives. Stumbling down a crude staircase carved from the spinal column of the WORM, they find themselves in an ancient, cave-like space.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM - DAY

Sand covers their waists, threatening to rise even higher as it comes in gusts through the WORM'S mouth.

Outside, the STORM MOANS and SHRIEKS like a dying person.

Desert BIRDS and ANIMALS crouch around them, brought together by common need of shelter.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM - DAY

The sand covers their shoulders, even drifting up to JESSICA'S chin.

He tries to help her rise up, to give her more breathing space.

Her hand grasps a bone, disturbing a fierce desert BIRD who screams and pecks her hand.

She falls back.

JESSICA
I cannot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods, realizing that she is lost.

PAUL

We must prepare for death.

They still their breathing, relax their tortured muscles.

Looking into each other's eyes, they repeat the Litany of Fear.

JESSICA & PAUL

I must not fear. Fear is the
mind-killer. Fear is the little
death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear...

Abruptly, the wind stops. The ANIMALS stretch, sniff the air.

A HAWK flaps a wing.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

PAUL crawls out of the WORM'S mouth. The desert remains as
before: Silent, empty.

ANGLE

In the far distance, a SMUDGE, a slight movement in the waves
of dancing heat.

PAUL stares, transfixed.

A diaphonous SHAPE begins to form.

ANGLE

JESSICA crawling out of the WORM, standing next to PAUL.

Together they stare at the rapidly approaching SHAPE, as it
manifests before them in the shimmering air.

Eight hooded FIGURES sit in a long, curving structure with a
slender bow: A SANDSLED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

The Sandsled skids to a stop.

Out of deep, Spice blue eyes, the FREMEN stare at PAUL and JESSICA. Ferocious, impenetrable, some with FALCONS on their wrists, all with Missile Guns slung over their shoulders, Crysknives in their belts.

ANGLE

They don't notice STILGAR sitting in the back of the sled, eyes impenetrable, showing no recognition of them.

Three FREMEN step out of the Sandsled and approach them.

A white-bearded MAN: SHEMS - with deep-set eyes - speaks:

SHEMS

If you are not a hungry ghost,
speak.

PAUL

We are Atreides. We flee the
Harnonnen .

SHEMS

We do not recognize off-world
tribes.

A swarthy MAN with a blond beard speaks: JAMIS

JAMIS

They are not of the sand. They
have desecrated Shai-Halud.

The third FREMAN walks around them, his hand on his Crysknife.

NORBU

We must take their water.

The others nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

From the back of the Sandsled, STILGAR suddenly emerges.

STILGAR
(his voice quiet,
controlled)
I have knowledge of these
people.

He walks forward.

The rest of the FREMEN step out of the Sandsled, circling
around PAUL and JESSICA.

STILGAR stops in front of PAUL.

STILGAR
This one is the son of Duke Leto.

PAUL
He is dead.

STILGAR
So we have heard.

He turns to the FREMEN, pointing at PAUL.

STILGAR
I have saved his life.

JAMIS
Then, if he has not done so
he must offer his own life in
return. It is law.

SHEMS
Aye. That is law. We have need
of water.

STILGAR nods.

JESSICA who has been hardly noticed, suddenly speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSICA

You cannot take the water from
the Mother of Lisan al-Gaib.

(She points to PAUL)

The One who comes from off-world
to shorten the way.

ANGLE

PAUL as he realizes what his mother has done.

The FREMEN, confused, mutter among themselves.

JAMIS

We have more need of water than
of legends.

SHEMS

We will take them to Liet. He
will decide.

JAMIS

No. We must decide. We need
their water. Liet would agree.

PAUL

(to STILGAR)

Do I have the right to choose
combat?

STILGAR

You have that right.

PAUL looks at STILGAR, thinking that he is going to have to
fight him. But, JAMIS interrupts.

JAMIS

I accept that challenge. It is
my right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STILGAR

(to PAUL)

There can be no yielding in the Tahaddi Challenge. Death is the test of it. We will see if there is the mark of legend on you.

JESSICA sinks to the sand, exhaustion suddenly overtaking her.

STILGAR

(gesturing to her

and PAUL)

We must share our water with them until their water is ours to take. That, too, is law.

A FREMAN bends to JESSICA, offering her a precious drop of fluid from his water sack.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

JESSICA stands by PAUL as he slips out of his Stillsuit, stripping down to his loin-cloth.

JESSICA

(in a low voice

to PAUL)

He will turn to the right with his knife after a parry. He'll aim for the eyes to catch a blink in which to slash you. He will fight with either hand so look out for a knife shift.

PAUL

I have seen the signs with him, mother, but now I must not only win; I must win as the Lisan al-Gaib.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

You are the Lisan al-Gaib, Paul.
You are the male Bene Gesserit
who I bred for that purpose.

It is staggering statement but he has no choice but to empty
his mind.

JESSICA takes her Crysnife from underneath her Stillsuit,
hands it to PAUL.

JESSICA

It is your destiny. And, mine
as well.

The FREMEN notice the Crysknife. Shocked, they begin to
experience a deep atavistic fear.

SHEMS

She hands him the tooth of
Shai-Halud.

JAMIS

It does not matter what she
hands him. His water will
soon be ours.

ANGLE

PAUL steps forward to meet JAMIS, waiting for him in a loose
ring of FREMEN. He holds the Crysknife in his right hand,
his bare feet against the sand-gritted rock.

JAMIS crouches, circles around PAUL, his body like knotted
whipcord on a dried skeleton. Suddenly, he pounces, but
PAUL jumps easily to the side.

They fight back and forth. PAUL is fast but JAMIS holds his own,
obviously a warrior of superior ability.

Without warning, the SUN rises over the horizon in a blinding rush.

PAUL is momentarily blinded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIS strikes, but PAUL manages to lift his arm. He suffers a slashing wound, his Crysknife knocked out of his grasp.

JAMIS advances for the kill.

PAUL starts a slumping, deceptive faint to the ground. As JAMIS shifts towards his new position, PAUL suddenly kicks him beneath the sternum.

JAMIS is staggered, giving PAUL time to reach for his Crysknife, but JAMIS manages to kick it away.

PAUL backs into the mouth of the WORM.

ANGLE

The CROWD crowds in after JAMIS as he forces PAUL to retreat.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM

They fight inside the carcass of the WORM.

PAUL presses the fight.

Suddenly, JAMIS leaps high, feinting and striking down with his right hand, but the hand is empty.

PAUL shifts the Crysknife in a blurred motion, slipping sideways and thrusting upward into JAMIS'S descending chest.

JAMIS falls, gasps once, looks at PAUL, then dies.

PAUL fights for breath as the FREMEN watch him with growing awe.

ANGLE

STILGAR bends to JAMIS'S body, takes the Crysknife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR
I take this for Jamis's woman
who now belongs to the victor.

The rest of the FREMEN nod their heads in agreement.

ANGLE

JESSICA'S face is beyond emotion - she is on the far side of exhaustion, semi-hallucinatory, her eyes unblinking as she stares off into space.

FREMEN
Leader's right.

SHEMS bends to JAMIS'S body, takes the robe lying next to it.

SHEMS
I was a friend of Jamis's.

FREMEN
Leader's right.

Another FREMAN - CHATRAL - squat and bow-legged, bends to the body.

CHATRAL
Jamis saved my life at the
Place of Birds. I was a friend
of Jamis's.

He takes JAMIS'S Stillsuit.

FREMEN
Leader's right.

STILGAR
The rest will be for the funeral
plain.

They nod their ascent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STILGAR

Except for the water of Jamis.

(to PAUL)

Combat water belongs to the
winner. You will have Jamis's
water.

PAUL is visibly shaken.

PAUL

I accept the water of Jamis...

Jamis taught me one thing.

That... when you kill... you
pay for it.

TEARS form in his eyes.

A voice hisses.

VOICE

He sheds tears.

STILGAR touches his cheek.

The OTHERS follow, reverently touching the gift of moisture.

ANGLE

PAUL and JESSICA exchange a look: There is no turning back.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

They wait on the edge of a giant basin, a reach of blue and white
dunes, sitting inside a Sandsled.

ANGLE

A FREMAN on top of a neighbouring dune drives a THUMPER
into the sand: A short stake with a spring-driven clapper at
one end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A drum-like SOUND fills the air. "Lump... Lump... Brrroom!"

The FREMAN slides his way down the dune, running for the Sandsled.

ANGLE

The FREMEN gather in the Sandsled, poised for a takeoff. They shout encouragement to the running FREMAN.

The MOTOR starts as soon as he's within fifty feet.

ANGLE

A silver-grey CURVE broaches in the desert, heading for them, then swerving towards the Thumper, the CURVE of a giant tunnel rearing above the sands.

The FREMAN flings himself into the Sandsled and they slide off as the HUGE BEAST passes nearby, heading for the Thumper.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

They glide across the sand, the sky streaked with flashes of red and gold.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

They are camped for the night, seated around the glow of a fire, their hoods pulled around them. Above, a shower of METEORS spills through the heavens.

They pass a Bowl of Spice around the circle, each FREMAN inhaling the vapors before he passes the Bowl on.

The BOWL comes to JESSICA. She bows respectfully, but doesn't inhale. She passes the Bowl to PAUL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All eyes are on PAUL. He takes the Bowl, inhales the vapors, passes it on.

The FREMEN are pleased.

STILGAR

You must have a Freman name
if you are to live among us.

The OLD FREMAN clears his throat.

OLD FREMAN

He is like Muad' Dib, the little
mouse wise in the ways of the
desert.

The FREMEN murmur approvingly.

1ST FREMAN

Muad' Dib creates his own
water.

2ND FREMAN

Muad' Dib hides from the sun
and travels in the cool of night.

3RD FREMAN

Muad' Dib is fruitful and
multiplies over the land.

STILGAR

Muad' Dib means wisdom and
strength.

He stares at PAUL.

STILGAR

Perhaps you are meant to take
part in the beginnings of a legend.

PAUL meets his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

If not that legend, then
another.

Around the circle, the glittering Blue Eyes of the FREMEN stare at him - proud, arrogant, unknowable.

ANGLE

JESSICA watches her son as he shares the Spice; startled, afraid even, to finally be present as the obsessive dream which has ruled so much of her life threatens to become a reality.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Their Sandsled dismantled and carried, they follow rock steps leading through a narrow crevasse.

The air is shattered by the sounds of HEAVY EXPLOSIONS.

They hurry forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Between a gap in the rocks they look over a small valley.

The half-ruins of an ANCIENT CITY lie spread out before them. Sudden glimpses of green desert growth among crumbling walls, rock dwellings, snake-like passageways cut into the ground, rocky, pyramid-shaped hills.

A 'THOPTER stands in a huge cave, out of sight from the air.

Beyond the valley, a broadening PLUME of SMOKE and the sound of HEAVY WEAPONS being fired.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIETCH - DAY

PAUL and JESSICA follow STILGAR past ARMED PATROLS, WOMEN herding CHILDREN underground, OTHERS preparing bundles and crates as if for a long journey.

A general air of controlled chaos among illuminations of green, cultivated grasses, desert bush and cacti.

ANGLE

KYNES watches them approach, standing in front of a cave hosting two old and battered, long-range STORM 'THOPTERS.

He is a commanding figure; impatient, fierce, jubba cloak flung over his Stillsuit. He bows to them formally.

KYNES

Allow me to express my sympathy for the death of Duke Leto. He was a brave man. In time, he would have been good for this planet.

KYNES answers STILGAR'S salute.

KYNES

(to STILGAR)

Now that the Harkonnen have found us, we will have to move. You will command the journey to Sietch Tabir, while I create a diversion for the Harkonnen .

(to PAUL and

JESSICA)

We do not run from the Harkonnen . We allow them to pursue us. Then we will take their water and be grateful for such a generous contribution.

He claps his hands. A SERVANT approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES
(to SERVANT)
Food for our guests. They
have had a long journey.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH - DAY

They sit on rugs in a cave hollowed out of a cliff, plates of food
before them.

PLUMES of SMOKE rise in the distance, while nearby, a line of
Harkonnen PRISONERS are marched towards the Sietch by a
handful of FREMEN.

JESSICA
I hope our presence is not
awkward for you.

KYNES
(laughing)
"Awkward?" Yes. Of course.
In the sense that all off-world
presences are awkward. After
all, Harkonnen and Atreides
alike seek to exploit the planet
while we seek to protect and
nurture it.

He sighs and looks out across the desert.

KYNES
But now, there is the matter of
the legend.
(he looks at them)
Yes, I know about the Lisan al-Gaib
and how the legend was planted by
the Bene Gesserit centuries ago and
nurtured by an unbroken line of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES (Cont'd)

Reverend Mothers until the necessary elements were brought into conjunction: The right amount of suffering, greed, manipulation and fear. So that now it is said by our present Reverend Mother that a Messiah is the only way to purify our planet.

PAUL

Do you believe that?

KYNES

I am a practical man, but I have inherited a dream, which is to transform the water cycle of this planet so that no man shall ever again want for water. That takes time. I am not sure that a Messiah would have the necessary patience.

He stares off across the desert, then back to PAUL.

KYNES

Paul Atreides, perhaps you are the hero who would rescue us. If so, you are a dangerous man.

PAUL

This is a dangerous time. If you are to succeed with your dream, the way must be shortened even if it breeds violence.

KYNES looks at him, rises to his feet.

KYNES

Perhaps... Let us go below. I will show you a glimpse of our dream.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH - DAY

They walk through an opening in the back of the cave, following KYNES and STILGAR down a narrow passage.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH

They descend further into the Sietch, down curving stone steps, through a labyrinth of dark corridors lit by flickering GLOW LAMPS.

They pass rooms carved into the rock containing weapons, ammunition, food, rooms where CHILDREN play, small factories producing utensils, simple arms, communal dining rooms. an underground community, EVERYONE in turmoil as they prepare to leave.

Turning a corner, PAUL touches a wall; it is wet with moisture.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH

They pass ARMED GUARDS, stepping into a great open space with a domed ceiling carved out of the rock.

PAUL and JESSICA gasp at what lies before them.

Behind a low barrier of natural rock is an unruffled surface of water; deep and black.

Overall, a faint DRIPPING.

Naked and half-naked FREMEN sit on huge slabs of rock, prodding at their bodies with KA'S: Ivory-like instruments made from Crysknives: WARRIORS massaging away their battle bruises.

It is a busy place, full of natural reverence and daily life.

ANGLE

THREE WATER MASTERS empty their loads into the pool through a flow meter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

There were those among us in
need of water, yet they would
come here and not touch this
water.

JESSICA

I believe it.

KYNES

This water is our treasure. We
have thousands of such caches.
Only a few of us know them all.
It has taken us hundreds of years
to reach this point. When we have
what we need, we shall change the
face of Dune.

ANGLE

CHANI appears at the far side of the Reservoir. She looks across
at them - somber in a brown desert cloak.

KYNES

(to PAUL)

You have met my daughter, I
believe. You have had the
privilege of winning her husband's
water in combat.

PAUL

(stunned)

I didn't know.

KYNES looks at him, the hint of a melancholy smile on his lips.

KYNES

Nor does she. You will tell
her.

PAUL is stunned, unable to reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYNES

There is no blame. He invoked
the challenge... My daughter
now belongs to you.

CHANI stands before them, staring openly at PAUL.

CHANI

(to PAUL)

You have escaped. I am glad.

PAUL

(his voice quiet,
controlled)

Jamis is dead.

She shuts her eyes, her face registering her grief - total, shattering - and yet, when she finally opens her eyes she has accepted the reality of it, so ingrained are the FREMEN with the fact and inevitability of Death.

CHANI

You have killed Jamis.

PAUL

(meeting her calm
gaze)

Yes.

STILGAR

It was the law. He invoked the
challenge.

CHANI

Did he die well?

PAUL

He died bravely, as a warrior.

He takes JAMIS'S water sack from underneath his robe, hands it to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

Jamis's water has been delivered
to me. I give it to you.

She hesitates.

CHANI

I cannot accept. It is our custom.
It is right that you should have it.

She turns to JESSICA.

CHANI

(to JESSICA)

You are the Lady Jessica?

JESSICA

(softly)

Yes.

CHANI

Then from this moment we are
joined. You are my Mother as
well.

JESSICA nods, moved by CHANI'S grave authority.

JESSICA

Yes. We are joined.

PAUL walks to the edge of the Reservoir. Holding the sack
before him, he pours the contents into the pool.

PUAL

I offer Jamis's water to the tribe.

ANGLE

JESSICA looks at STILGAR as that fiercely stubborn WARRIOR
stares at PAUL, shaken to his depths, his doubts about PAUL
crumbling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STILGAR
(muttering)
Leader's right... Leader's right.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIETCH - MORNING

JESSICA and PAUL sit on a hill overlooking the Sietch and a steady stream of Fremmen MEN and WOMEN as they carry their possessions to a SUNDANCER: A huge TRIMORAN with colored sails used for crossing the Great Salt Flats.

ANGLE

Further away, KYNES stands before a Sandsled, twelve armed FREMMEN sitting inside.

CHANI walks towards him from the Sietch.

JESSICA
(looking at CHANI)
She will be of use to you. You
are Fremmen now.

PAUL
And you are not?

JESSICA
I have another purpose.

PAUL
What is that purpose, Mother.

JESSICA
To see you rule this planet.

PAUL
And then?

JESSICA
My will is not my own. I am
Bene Gesserit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Would you not obey me, then,
if I was to become Lord of the
planet?

JESSICA

We would both bow to a higher
authority.

PAUL

You mean to the Mother Superior
here? Some old witch appointed
here from another planet?

JESSICA

Do not judge so easily what you
do not understand!

PAUL

I understand about power, Mother.
In case you have forgotten, I have
been bred for that purpose.

She turns her head away.

JESSICA

I have not forgotten.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIETCH

CHANI and KYNES stand together in front of the Sandsled; the
armed FREMEN WARRIORS sitting motionless underneath
their hoods.

CHANI

I am afraid to have you go,
Father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYNES

I must raise all the Tribes. We must unite before the Harkonnen become too strong.

CHANI

The Tribes will never unite.

KYNES

They will come when they hear of the Living Legend, the Lisan al-Gaib who would lead them to glory.

CHANI

Do you believe, Father?

KYNES

I don't know. In any case, we must go towards that end. We have no choice. You must stay close to him. Never show him your ambivalence.

She looks up at the hill where PAUL and JESSICA sit.

CHANI

I have no ambivalence towards him, Father. I am a believer... It is his mother that I most fear. There is not true harmony between them.

KYNES

Politics and religion have formed a strange union in mother and son.

She smiles.

CHANI

And, as for father and daughter?

He looks at her seriously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYNES

We must never lose sight of
our true purpose. Whatever
ends we must use...

They embrace.

KYNES

May Shai-Halud go with you. We
will meet in ten days at Sietch
Tabir.

He climbs into the Sandsled.

Without a sound, it glides towards the open desert.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH

JESSICA enters a cave-like room. In the far corner, propped up
by cushions on a narrow bed, sits the REVEREND MOTHER: A
wrinkled and shrivelled form in a black gown with hood thrown
back to reveal a tight knot of grey hair.

Around her, three WOMEN finish packing belongings into crates
and boxes.

The REVEREND MOTHER claps her hands as JESSICA walks
towards her, sending the WOMEN away.

JESSICA kneels before the bed, bowing her head.

The REVEREND MOTHER impatiently gestures for her to rise.

REVEREND MOTHER

We have no time, Jessica. My
life force leaves me.

Indeed, her skin is a translucent white, her eyes dark orbs as if
half of her has already 'crossed over'.

JESSICA raises her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND MOTHER
(her voice a
whisper)
Come closer...

JESSICA sits on the edge of the bed, her head leaning forward
to catch the words.

REVEREND MOTHER
I cannot tell you how unpleasant
it has been waiting for you on this
accursed planet all these years...
I shall be glad when this body finally
falls away.

She scrutinizes JESSICA - A piercing look that travels directly
into her psyche.

REVEREND MOTHER
Do you still have doubts?

JESSICA hesitates, afraid of the REVEREND MOTHER'S omniscience;
of her ability to read minds.

REVEREND MOTHER
Well?

JESSICA
He questions himself. It creates
hesitations, indecisiveness...
He still identifies himself too
much with his own suffering.

REVEREND MOTHER
I wonder why you persist in not
telling me the truth. We both
know that Paul has passed the
necessary tests.

JESSICA shudders, not able to answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REVEREND MOTHER
Within days I will leave my body.
It has been decided that you are
to become the Reverend Mother,
the blessed mother of the Lisan
al-Gaib, the One who will shorten
the way. But, if I am to transmit
the Water of Life to you, you must
become a pure vessel or you will
die. Is that clear?

JESSICA
(her voice almost
inaudible)
Yes.

REVEREND MOTHER
I am waiting.

JESSICA
I... I have conceived.

A long HISS escapes the REVEREND MOTHER.

REVEREND MOTHER
Blasphemy... You have disobeyed
the most sacred law. Do you
know what will happen to the fetus
within you if you are given the
Water of Life?

JESSICA shakes her head.

A long, gnarled hand reaches out, rests on JESSICA'S stomach.

REVEREND MOTHER
A daughter...

JESSICA
A Bene Gesserit...

REVEREND MOTHER
You have risked everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSICA
(her voice a
whisper)
Yes... She is the "One".

REVEREND MOTHER
Are you so sure that I will give
you the final transmission?

JESSICA
You have no choice. It is either
that or total failure.

REVEREND MOTHER
Your daughter will be exposed
to a terrible awareness. She
will not be born of her time...
Are you willing to risk an
abomination?

JESSICA
Yes.

The REVEREND MOTHER shuts her eyes, then opens them.

REVEREND MOTHER
You must leave me now. The next
time we meet will be the last time
you will see me alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A large Thumper on top of a dune sends out a booming message
across the desert.

In the far distance, the Sundancer passes over the flats, ghostly
white in the moonlight.

ANGLE

The huge furrow of a WORM heading for the Thumper from the
opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNDANCER - DESERT - NIGHT

PAUL sits alone at the prow of the Sundancer as it cuts through the purple phosphorescence of a Spice field.

Above: Two FULL MOONS, a trail of BLAZING COMETS.

CHANI approaches PAUL, touches his shoulder. He looks at her slowly, as if coming out of a dream.

CHANI

Will you relieve me of my obligations to you?

PAUL

I cannot. We are joined.

CHANI

Is it because the daughter of Liet will unite the Fremen behind you?

PAUL

We are meant to be joined. You must not question.

CHANI

You see the future. You already know.

He looks away, staring into the desert.

CHANI

If you are the Lisan al-Baib, I ask for only one thing: Compassion.

PAUL

You will always have my compassion, but I ask for more.

SILENCE. She stares at him.

PAUL

I ask for acceptance without reservation, even for that which you cannot understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANI

As we share the same purpose
I withhold nothing from you.

He is moved.

CHANI

The Reverend Mother is dying.

PAUL

I know.

He turns his head away.

CHANI

Your mother will become the
new Reverend Mother. She will
be very powerful. No one can
disobey a Reverend Mother.

PAUL

Yes. She will be very powerful.

CHANI

I should like to have some of her
skills. They say a Reverend
Mother has ancient powers, that
she can see inside a person and
make them do whatever she wants.

PAUL looks at her almost angrily.

PAUL

(his voice sharp)

You have skills. Skills that are
equal to any of hers. Freman
skills, born of this world. Never
renounce them. Never speak ill
of them.

CHANI nods, frightened by the intensity of his outburst.

The Sundancer hums across the milky desert. In the distance,
the deep pounding of a Thumper.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

The Sundancer lies wedged between twisted towers of rock, hidden from Harkonnen air patrols and safe from marauding WORMS.

The SUN rises above them as the FREMEN walk single-file up a precarious line of steps carved into a steep cliff, the black carriage of the REVEREND MOTHER visible among them.

Halfway up the face of the cliff, they disappear into an opening.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRATER - MORNING

The FREMEN sit on the black floor of a bowl-shaped crater, protected from the SUN by overhanging slabs of rock.

The REVEREND MOTHER sits facing them, supported on a low, cushioned divan.

JESSICA sits by her feet in front of a flat, altar-shaped rock holding a dozen offering bowls.

CHANI stands behind her with four OLD WOMEN in black hoods.

ANGLE

Separating the FREMEN from the REVEREND MOTHER is a large circular area of sand surrounded by a water ditch.

ANGLE

PAUL sits off to one side near the cliff wall, STILGAR standing beside him.

A large, broad-shouldered WOMEN in a dark cloak pushes her way through the CROWD - a wrathful protector of the Holy Water, a Shaman already in a semi-trance, muttering to herself and kicking FREMEN out of the way as she makes her way towards the circle of sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her ATTENDANT - a younger woman with a shaven head, her lips hideously stitched together, trails after her, eyes cast to the ground.

They step over the water ditch.

All eyes are upon the SHAMAN as she hands her cloak to the ATTENDANT.

She stands naked before them. A strangely erotic, grotesque figure with three firm breasts and the muscular torso and genitals of a man.

She squats down, closing her eyes, throwing sand on all side of her.

In a high, haunting voice she begins to sing - a prayer-like summoning, both sad and joyous.

The ATTENDANT rolls on the ground, moaning and jerking her head as if seized with epileptic spasms.

ANGLE

The FREMEN have also gone into a collective trance, swaying as the SONG builds.

Slowly, a movement forms, beginning to circle around the SHAMAN - a hideous tube of sand moving faster and faster.

The sand erupts in turbulent motion as the WORM slides across her body. Although stunted by the water ditches, the WORM is fully ten feet long. It curls back on her, wrapping itself around her like an Anaconda, a smoky VAPOR pouring out of its gaping mouth.

The SHAMAN moves with the WORM as if becoming a serpent herself. Her song becoming a high, piercing moan.

They move slowly together towards the water ditch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In a daze, the ATTENDANT crawls to help her, locking her own body around the slimy, black mass.

The WORM enters the water with a loud HISS, dissolving into Death Throes.

The water turns BLUE - The Water of Death.

The SHAMAN and her ATTENDANT rise out of the water - their eyes vacant, shaking with a sudden fever.

They sit on the sand, pathetic and forlorn, forgotten now that their function has been fulfilled.

ANGLE

Four OLD CRONES fills jars with the Water of Death.

ANGLE

The REVEREND MOTHER leans towards JESSICA, her voice a hoarse whisper.

REVEREND MOTHER
There is not enough time for the
full ceremony of the Seed.

JESSICA stands, assumes a formal position in front of the Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER
(using her remaining
strength to project
her voice)
Is there water?

JESSICA
(her voice sober,
carrying out to the
rest of the FREMEN)
There is.

REVEREND MOTHER
Is there seed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSICA
There is.

REVEREND MOTHER
Blessed is the Water and its
Seed.

The FREMEN mutter the words after her.

An OLD CRONE hands an offering bowl to the REVEREND MOTHER.

REVEREND MOTHER
(to the assembled
FREMEN)
The Water of Life. The Water
that is greater than Water. The
Water that frees the Soul.

She drinks.

REVEREND MOTHER
(to JESSICA)
If it has been truly predicted that
you are to be the Reverend Mother,
then the Water that you drink will
open the Universe to you. If not,
it will become the Water of Death.
The daughter within you will risk
her own separate voyage. You
must absorb her fear, use your
strength and courage. I cannot
say what the result will be. At
the very least, if she is born it
will be with a terrible awareness.

JESSICA
I am prepared to accept my fate...
And the fate of my daughter.

ANGLE

PAUL watches as the REVEREND MOTHER puts her gnarled hand
on JESSICA'S stomach, closing her eyes as she murmurs a prayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
(to himself, but loud
enough so that STILGAR
hears)
She carries a child.

ANGLE

JESSICA drinks The Water of Life.

For thirty seconds her heart completely stops as she receives the liquid into her body. Then, slowly, a DEEP BLUE AURA begins to form around her.

It expands to include the REVEREND MOTHER, whose own DARKER AURA has become visible.

REVEREND MOTHER
I have much to give you and
there is no time... Come
closer.

JESSICA slowly moves towards her, placing her head on the divan. With flaming eyes, she gazes up at the REVEREND MOTHER.

REVEREND MOTHER
Here is my life... do not fight
me...

The TWO AURAS merge into ONE, becoming the DARK BLUE of the REVEREND MOTHER.

REVEREND MOTHER
You must surrender even more...
I give you my life... my spirit...
accept... accept...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the REVEREND MOTHER lying head to head with JESSICA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The VITAL FLUID of her life travels slowly up her spine, her SKELETON seen even through her robe; pulsating, glowing, the MISTY LIGHT leaving her body through the crown of her head and flowing downward into JESSICA.

JESSICA shudders, semi-conscious, her own life nearly extinct as she accepts the life force of the REVEREND MOTHER deeply within her.

As the REVEREND MOTHER dies, JESSICA rises up, her eyes a DEEP BLUE, WITHIN BLUE.

She looks out over the CROWD.

No one doubts that she is the new REVEREND MOTHER.

She addresses the CROWD.

JESSICA

I am the One who now carries
the Spirit among you... The
Reverend Mother who is in turn
the mother of the Lisan al-Gaib.
The voice from the outer world.

A LONG SIGH issues forth from the FREMEN. Their SAVIOUR has come.

ANGLE

PAUL watches JESSICA as she stares into the CROWD with Messianic intensity.

He turns to STILGAR standing beside him.

PAUL

Do you believe that I am truly
the Lisan al-Gaib?

STILGAR

Today everyone believes that you
are the Lisan al-Gaib. But, their
faith will waver and then you must
do something that no one else has
ever done for them to truly believe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
What must that be?

STILGAR
That is for the Lisan al-Gaib
to decide.

He walks towards JESSICA. She reaches out for him, holding his hand in hers.

PAUL beckons for CHANI.

JESSICA
(to PAUL)
There is no need for her.

PAUL
She is my wife, the daughter
of Liet. There is every need.

CHANI joins them.

The FREMEN respond with inspirational acceptance, some weeping and throwing themselves forward.

JESSICA, PAUL and CHANI stand together before them - a portrait of the ROYAL FAMILY.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

JESSICA in the black cloak of a REVEREND MOTHER slowly places a Thumper into the sand near the shrouded body of the former REVEREND MOTHER.

Beyond - the shimmering, moonlit desert.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL PAUL and CHANI sitting on a dune a short distance away.

Above them, the entire tribe of FREMEN, reverent, their kneeling bodies in their long hoods swaying as one; next to them the looming shadow of the Sundancer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

JESSICA starts the Thumper.

Her face is stern and forbidding as she walks back to join CHANI and PAUL, the Thumper now booming out its message.

ANGLE

PAUL, JESSICA and CHANI watch solemnly as a Giant Furrow moves across the desert towards the Thumper.

ANGLE

The WORM crests.

A violent HISSING as the huge, gaping mouth devours its prey and burrows again into the sand.